

# AMERICAN TURF REGISTER

AND

## SPORTING MAGAZINE.

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### SPORTING INTELLIGENCE FROM ARKANSAS.

MY DEAR SIR:

Batesville, Ark. July 19, 1838.

THE brilliant career of Boston, and his less fortunate rival, Duane, go to prove, that now and then, *Old Timoleon* got a racehorse. There is something unaccountable in the performance of the get of this *great racer*. Sally Walker, Sally McGhee, and Washington, were extraordinary animals—but, since *their day*, what one of *his* get has performed well, until Boston by a continued series of brilliant victories, placed sire and son on the top pinnacle of fame? I do think, however, with good management, Duane would now beat him; though, I think, Duane *being bottled up*, while Charles Carter was putting Boston up to 7m. 40s. must have given the former a decided advantage over the latter. Boston was got by *Timoleon*, out of a full sister to Tuckahoe (owned by Mr. Wickham, and the dam of Robin Brown.) Duane was by imp. Hedgeford, out of Goodloe Washington, by Washington, Washington by Timoleon—so there is a quarter Timoleon blood in Duane. Mazeppa had the same quantity of

Timoleon blood in him, and I do think, in proper hands, he would have made the finest racehorse in America. Were I to arrange nags so as to make a fine race, and a heavy betting one, I would place Boston in Wm. R. Johnson's hands, Duane in Billy McCargo's, Balie Peyton in Garrison's, Decatur in Jack Heth's, (with Allcock for a trainer,) and Steele in Hammond's hands—four mile heats, \$5,000 entrance.

I was much interested by the articles 'English Training, &c. and Breeding, Training, &c.' in the June number of your valuable work. I cannot account for their adhering to such a system of sweating, as that described by 'A.' It is no wonder so many of their horses knock up in training—the heavy weights and short distances run in England make them breed more for speed than bottom. I agree with 'A' that three and four mile races, are the only test of blood—abolish them and substitute short races in their stead, and you will destroy the racehorse.

Our prospects for racing this fall are very good indeed, as there have been *imported* from Virginia, Tennessee, and Kentucky, some choice nags—among them, Experiment, by Jack Downing; John Belcher, by imp. Barefoot, (out of Ariadne's dam, the full sister to Lady Nashville;) Proof Sheet, by Eclipse; and others. Over the Fort Smith course, which is immediately on the Indian line, there will be some exciting racing this fall.

There is a club formed at Pine Bluffs, and one at Fayetteville, which, added to the Batesville and Little Rock clubs, make five in all in the state.

The people of Arkansas are turning their attention to the rearing of blood stock. It will be profitable to them, for no country that I have ever seen is so well adapted to that purpose as this.

Truly yours,

N. OF ARKANSAS.

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(Translated from De Lamartine for the Boston Atlas.)

### ARABIAN HORSES.

One must see the stable of Damascus, or those of the emir Beschir, to have a correct idea of an Arabian horse. This superb and graceful animal loses his beauty, his gentleness, and his picturesque figure when he is taken from his native and his accustomed habits, and brought to our cold climate, and the shade and solitude of our stables. He must be seen at the door of the tent of the Arab of the desert, his head between his legs, tossing his long black mane, and brushing his side, shining like copper or silver, with his long tail, whose extremity is always tinged with henna; he must be seen decked with brilliant housings, trimmed with gold, and embroidered with pearls; his head covered with a net of blue or red silk, woven with gold or silver, and edged with tinkling points which fall from his forehead over his nostrils, and with which he conceals, or shows at each movement of his neck, his fiery, large, and intelligent eye-ball; he must be seen above all, in numbers of two or three hundred, some lying in the dust of the court, others fettered by iron rings and fastened to long cords which cross these courts, others free upon the sands and leaping

with one bound over the rows of camels which stand in their path; some held by young black slaves, clothed in scarlet vests, the horses affectionately putting their heads upon the shoulders of these children; and some playing together as free and unconfined as the wild colts of a prairie, standing around, rubbing their heads together, or mutually licking each other's shining and silvery hair; all looking at us with an uneasy and curious scrutiny, on account of our European dress and strange language, but soon becoming familiar, and coming gently, holding out their necks for us to stroke. The restless expression of the physiognomy of these horses, are perfectly incredible till one has seen it for himself. All their feelings are expressed in their eyes and in the nervous movements of their mouths and nostrils, as distinctly and expressively as upon the countenance of a child.

When we approached them for the first time, they exhibited as much dislike and curiosity as a man would feel at the sight of an unexpected and disagreeable object. Our language especially astonished them, and their ears pricked up and bent backward or thrown forward, showed their surprise and uneasiness. I admired especially, several valuable mares, reserved for the emir himself. I offered by my interpreter 10,000 piastres for one of the handsomest; but an Arab would not sell, at any price, a mare of the best breed, I therefore was unsuccessful.

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#### NEW JOCKEY CLUBS.

Intelligence has reached us of the organization of three new Jockey Clubs within the week past, from which some idea may be formed of the unexampled increase of blood stock and the universal popularity with which the sports of the turf are beginning to be regarded in different sections of the country. Probably not less than thirty new Jockey Clubs have been established within the last three months, and the fact is one of the highest importance. The organization of every new club gives increased value to the stock of the breeder and the turfman, and we see no reason why it will not command higher prices than ever upon the general resumption of business throughout the Union. Notwithstanding more capital has been invested in breeding since 1830, than the whole amount previously expended in this country in rearing blood stock, the supply is still inadequate to the demand. The market for first rate performers or fashionably bred young things of good promise, was never better than at this moment. Indeed we question if a first rate tried horse will not command a higher price than ever. When could Duane, for instance, have been sold for over \$12,500? Mr. Neill has refused \$15,000 for Decatur, and it is notorious that \$5,000 has been refused for ten or fifteen three year old colts and fillies, that have come out this spring. It is no less true that there are four or five two year olds within fifty miles of this city which would command the same price. Messrs. Jackson and Boardman, of Alabama, the most extensive breeders, probably in the Union, have refused this season \$2,500 for yearlings, and it is well known

that Col. Hampton, Col. Crowell, Mr. Livingston, Mr. Minor, Capt. Duncan, Mr. Peyton, Col. Wynn, Col. Johnson, and a score of other gentlemen scattered over the Union, have foals dropped this spring which would command the same enormous prices.

[N. Y. Spirit of the Times.]

MR. EDITOR:

*Greenville, August 5, 1838.*

The track at this place, was, in full meeting of the club, last fall, opened to the world. We now have within our district some fine and promising colts. Some of our breeders too, have in some measure learnt the art of bringing a nag in silky order to the polls, and our boys have been taught to ride and handle the strings properly. Our purses have been increased, several hundred dollars in value—and we are now getting up a 'citizens' cup' to be run for, two mile heats, on the opening of the races. Two fine stables are already training here—a third is preparing in Pendleton—and I understand that a fourth is training just below us in Laurens' district, with a selfish eye to the good things which we design to offer next month. There is a strong probability of some of our enterprising youth having another stable here next week. We anticipate a severe struggle for our money and prog. God help the hindmost! for he will need it badly.

**BLOOD HORSES WANTED IN GEORGIA.**—A correspondent writing from Oglethorpe county, Ga. says:—'We in Georgia are greatly behind any other state in raising blood stock; but at this time, there is a disposition to that object manifesting itself, and as there are but few horses of the first order here, I have no doubt, if some of your Maryland friends would send on some horse of fine form, blood, and racing character, that he would make a profitable stand. Brood mares are much wanted, but the distance is so great to the blood horse region, that our people are deterred from attempting to purchase.'

**SOMETHING NEW.**—A very curious feat was performed on Monday last at the Washington race course, by a youth of eighteen years of age, for a wager of fifty dollars. He was to carry a man weighing one hundred and twenty-five pounds, around the course, measuring one mile, which he performed with the greatest ease in seventeen minutes. After performing the feat, he ran about fifty yards and back again with his load on his shoulders, amid the loud huzzas of the multitude who had assembled to witness the feat.

[Georgetown Adv.]

*St. Louis, August 17.*

**GROUSE SHOOTING.**—Our sportsmen have a delightful time of it just now. On Wednesday last, Dr. H. Captain C. Mr. O. and Mr. M. went to the Looking-glass prairie, and in less than twelve hours, the four shot and bagged *one hundred and thirty-one* grouse. Let any eastern sportsman, or any combination of them, beat this if they can. We had the pleasure of a brace for dinner, and finer could not be desired by the veriest epicure in the land.

[Republican.]



## THE WHISPERER.

[Our readers will recognize in 'The Whisperer', copied below from the English New Sporting Magazine, for July, 1838, a very strong resemblance to the *taming of wild horses* of our own country. From the article itself, little of course can be ascertained as to the mode of operating by the 'Whisperer,' enough, however, can be gathered from it to convince the *initiated* that, *something can be done in America as well as in Ireland.*]

## MR. EDITOR:

The following sentence in a note of Nimrod's, in your March number, reminded me so forcibly of a poor horse-breaker, who lived not many miles from here a few years ago, that I cannot avoid requesting room for a short sketch of his practice. Nimrod says, 'I saw a remarkable instance of the power and influence of the human voice over the brute creation, when looking over the stables at Attre, with Count Duval.' My hero was a horse-breaker, I may say by birth, as were his father and grandfather before him, for he traced his genealogy through a long and unbroken line of snafflers, to Sullivan (they never took the O,) rough-rider to the unfortunate, Soogaun, Earl of Desmond. Con, better known as The Whisperer, migrated in his youth from Kilmallock, in the county of Limerick, where his progenitors had dwelt since the days of the Geraldine, to the Duhallow country, where he was almost exclusively employed by the late Lord Doneraile, as is his eldest son and heir to his secret, by the present Viscount. His fame is not altogether confined to the narrow circle where he exercised his miraculous powers, for he is honourably mentioned in the Rev. Horace Townshend's Statistical Survey of the county of Cork. I cannot at present refer to the work, but as well as my memory serves me, Mr. Townshend states, that he was on a visit at Lord Doneraile's, where he had ocular demonstration of the effect of Con's 'ear-kissing arguments,' nothing short of which could have convinced him that the whispering was not a cheat. He is also introduced by Banim, in his novel, 'The Boyne Water,' where by a trifling anachronism, acknowledged in a note, he is made to play a conspicuous part about a century before he was born.

According to Nimrod, Count Duval's power did not altogether lie in the voice, for he lectured his horse with his 'clenched fist in his face.' But Sullivan, or, as his son invariably pronounces the name, Soolivan carefully avoided all gesticulation, and trusted entirely, as will be seen, to some combination of sounds,\* known only to himself. I gleaned most of the particulars which I am about to detail, from his second son, who is whipper-in to the Duhallow hounds; others I heard from some old members of the club, who often saw him charm, and who fully corroborated the son's statements. His *modus operandi* was by a whisper, and hence

\* We question if his secret consisted in the employment of any combination of sounds. Some curious particulars respecting the taming of wild horses in America, by what has been called a 'charm', will be found among the Varieties in our present number.—EDITOR NEW SPORTING MAGAZINE.

his cognomen. He was so anxious to avoid the slightest appearance of bullying that he generally walked up to the subject that he was about to tame, with his hands behind his back. So unaccountable, so magical, was the power he instantaneously acquired over the most savage brute, that his parish priest, who had good and sufficient grounds for not believing him a saint, threatened to denounce him as a sorcerer, if he did not reveal his secret. But Con put his trust in Lord Doneraile, and defied the priest, the pope, and the devil. Unlike the Count Duval, whose lesson appears to have been forgotten before the teacher was out of sight, his whisper made an indelible impression, and invariably brought the pupil to a degree of docility, unattainable, by the usual course, in months of the severest discipline.

One of his most public and best remembered performances, was on King Pepin,—a famous racer when he *would* go, but that was only when he was in the vein. He used sometimes get into a vicious humour, when it became a service of real danger, and sometimes utterly impossible, to saddle him, and fame said he had killed two grooms at the Curragh. Be this as it may, he was brought out to start for a heavy plate at the Mallow races, and when saddling time came, it found him in one of his unmanageable moods. He reared, plunged, and flung out fore and aft until he completely cowed groom and jock. It was at this crisis, when he appeared to have it all his own way, and when the men in charge of him, having given up all hope of getting him to start, were consulting as to how they could coax him back to his stable, that some one who had backed him p. p., recommended that he should be '*whispered*.' As it was the only chance left of taming him in time for the start, his owner gladly availed himself of it, though warned that horses were sometimes thrown into a state of stupor by the process, and that it always took more out of them than a four-mile heat. Con, who never missed a race, was soon found, and he was delighted at the opportunity of '*fwhuisherin* before so much *quollity* from all parts.' 'Shew us the wild baste,' said he 'and we'll soon tache him manners.' When he got within the circle, and a wide one it was, in which Pepin was playing his antics, he walked up to him, with his hands behind his back, nor could he have put his trust in the power of the 'human face divine' over the brute creation, for he went up from behind. He mumbled some words as he approached, which, though not quite inaudible, were as unintelligible as a sermon in the unknown tongue, but they had a most magical effect on his majesty, for he stood stock still. Sullivan then patted him on the neck, while he whispered a word or two in his ear, whereupon Pepin went on his knees, and incontinently lay down, as methodically as Ducrow's best trained and oldest stager. The Whisperer then stretched himself on him at full length, took out a pouch, containing pipe and tobacco, flint and steel, struck a light, and blew a cloud, as he lounged on the belly of this high-mettled colt, with as much composure as if he were seated on a bench in his favourite tap-room. After two or three puffs, he got up, beckoned the nag to his legs, saddled him, and walked off to the starting-post, followed by the horse, fawning on him, if I may use the phrase, like a dog. There were

no more difficulties, except to win the race, which young Sullivan says he did in a canter. Now all this, I feel, sounds very like a *Jonathanism* or a Munchausen, for even in his own day most people, like Mr. Townshend, were indisposed to admit such extraordinary facts on hearsay evidence; but no one ever saw him 'whisper', without feeling convinced that he possessed some almost superhuman gift. I am really at a loss how to satisfy the English reader that I am not '*ranging* through the fields of fancy,' but as this will be read by many persons in the neighbourhood where Sullivan lived, the only thing I can do is to challenge contradiction. There is not a sportsman in Duhallow that has not heard of him, and there are many still living who knew him well, and were eye-witnesses to his performances.

Sullivan's introduction to Lord Doneraile was quite in character. I shall give it in *verbum verbo*, as I had it from his son, the whipper-in. 'It was in a day the lord was dhrivin his own coach an four from Ballygiblin,—'twas the ould Colonel lived there thin, an a finer sportsman than that same ould gentleman, God never put the breath of life in, and sore and sorry I am I can't pray for him\* this blessed mornin. But, as I was sayin, as the lord was dhrivin about half-way betwinst the two great houses, one of the out-riders come up, and 'plase your honor my lord,' siz he, 'Wildfire—he was the off side wheeler—has lost a fore shoe, and he's very tindher.' 'Thundher-an-ounds,' siz the lord, 'what will we do at all, at all!' 'Twas what med him in such trouble, that same coach-horse was a born divil in regard to shoein him, for that smith never dhruv a nail, could as much as put one remove† on him before or behind widout he'd sling him. Well, on they went for a little spell, till Wildfire fell dog lame, an the lord pulled up foreanest Shawn Gow's forge, and when Shawn cum out, the lord med him sinsible of how the case was with him. 'We'll spaneel‡ his two hind legs,' siz Shawn, siz he, 'an run a fetthers from that to his fore fetlock, then clap a grin upon him, an shure if he had double the divilment your honour says in him, that'll hould him while I'm tackin an ould slipper to him will car your honour home any how.' But the lord was for throwin him down, and Shawn sayin agin it, when who should ride up, and they argufyin that way among'em, but Soolivan. 'God bless the work,' siz he, 'an thim that's at it, not overlookin your honour an the cattle,' takin off his hat to the lord; 'an may a poor boy make bould for to ax what houl't you're in?' 'A hard case enough,' siz the lord himself, tellin him all about it, jest as I'm afther tellin your honour. 'Shure then' siz Soolivan, 'tis myself is the boy can relase you, if that's all that's throublin you.' 'Tis asier said than done', siz the lord. 'The divil a taste!—not contradictin your honour,' siz my father; jest lave the boys be afther untacklin him out, and let myself an himself have as

\* Sore and sorry I can't pray for him. It is by no means orthodox to pray for heretics.

† A remove, putting on an old shoe.

‡ Spaneel, a hair rope used for coupling up a cow's legs when she is being milked.

much as one minit's discoorse all alone to ourselves inside in the forge there, an I'll give you my head in my hand if I don't make him stand as quiet as e'er a baste your honour ever spread your fork upon.' 'Whoy man,' siz a pot-bellied English coachman who was cocked up cheek by jowl wud the lord, 'that 'orse wouldn't never go into a forge, the very soight of the 'ammers, or the hanvil, would make him run from his hoats.' 'Thrial makes mention,' siz my father, lookin very contemptible, as you'd say, at fat chops, but he said nothin, he not being as bowld on the lord the same time as he was afther.'

'Any port in a storm,' is a good maxim, thought Lord D., so he ordered Wildfire to be unharnessed. 'Goosh a chopuleen!'<sup>\*</sup> siz Soolivan, an into the forge he walked, the horse follyin him as tame as a spannil would a dog tacher. 'My eye, if that ere chap aint a rum un!' said coachee. But little time my father gave 'em for talkin, when he bid 'em walk in if they plases. 'What's that I sees?' cries the lord, openin his two eyes like a body would be afther sein a ghost. 'Wisha, nothin at all your honour,' siz the Fwhuishperer, 'only a little advice I'm afther givin this poor baste, in regard of the foolishness of sayin agin them that wor for his good, and he's no way fractious now, for siz he to me, afore I spoke three words to him, siz he 'what's your will is my pleasure, and I'll never no more do nothing out of the way;' an I'll be bound he'll have Shawn Gow lift his leg as paceable as if he was but skin and bone.' When the sarvants, and the smith, and the rest of em, seein him houldin up Wildfire's leg it bein the first time he done any thing of the likes in Duhallow, faix they had a mind to be in his wool, thinkin him no betther nor the ould boy himself; an only for the lord, the divil a whole bone they'd lave in his skhin, when they seen he wasnt anything bad, by his blessin himself, when one of em that was comin from a station† threw a dhrop of holy wather on him. Howsumever the lord had enough to do to keep the pace, for siz Shawn Gow and the rest of em, siz they, 'no honest man barrin the clargy, could make a baste spake,'—the mudhauns thinkin my father was in earnest, an he only a jokin, when he toul em what Wildfire said to him; moreover them as knew the horse's ways, thought it jist as wundherful to see him houldin up his leg as for to hear him. Then when the hot shoe was clapped to his huff, the divil a stir he stirred, and afther 'twas clinched and rasped, and Shawn left go his leg, divil a bit of it he'd lave to the ground but houldin it up as stiff as a piece of crooked iron. You're afther ruinin the horse, you vagabone of a botch,' siz the lord, quite aggrated, to Shawn; 'tis asy seen you dhruv every whole nail into his very quick, an he'll never put a toe to the ground again.' Wud that he runs over to look at the clinches, and then tries to straighten the leg, but he may as well think to unbend the band of a wagon wheel wud his finger and thumb.—May I never go home alive, only the saddle I'm settin on to be my death-bed, if I'm tellin your honour one word of lies, but as Jack

<sup>\*</sup> Goosh a chopuleen—Come little horse.

† Station. A meeting held at a private house for hearing confessions when mass is always said and water blessed.



Dimpsy and Mick Mahony, the two outridhers the lord had that day, that seen it all wud their two livin eyes, toul't it to me' said the whipper-in, who seemed to think this part of his story required some confirmation.

'Well, when they wor in the hoight of their wunderhin, my father walks over and he rubs the leg for a bit, till 'twas as soople as a gad,\* then he left it down, and all at wanst (once) a cold sweat broke out through every bit of Wildfire's carkiss, for all the world as if a can of could suds was spilt upon him. Well, not to tire your honour, while the boys were rubbin the sweat off the horse, and clappin the harness on him, the lord was thryin to coax the sacret out of my father, but he may as well be whistlin jigs to mile stones. 'Twasn't long till he seen 'twas idle to be at him, so he handed him five goolden guineas—they wor plentier that time than notes—tellin him to come to Doneraile the next day, and thry his hand on a rumbuntious cowl't which was afther breakin the hearts in every one that put a hand in him; 'and,' siz he, 'if you do his job, as clane and clever as you done Wildfire's I'll make a man of you for the rest of your days.' 'I'm behowldin to your honour my lord,' siz my father, 'and never you fear but what I'll bring that cowl't to his sinses in less than no time, whatsumever sort he is.' Threw for him he did, and, well become the lord, he paid him like a born gentleman, and if me fadther had a ha'porth of sense he'd never see a poor day, nor them that came afther him. But his heart was never in the penny, and what he got aisy, he spint freely, and may the heavens be his bed any way, fur he had the sperrit of a man in him, and never done nothing mane.'

Time and place were alike indifferent to Sullivan, and his cures were as lasting as his system was infallible. But all greatness must have its drawbacks, and when Con's renown spread far and near, the keeper of his conscience became alarmed for the well being of his soul. His reverence who knew there was nothing fabulous in the stories which came to his ear every day, of some new performance of the Whisperer's, thought himself in duty bound to lecture him on his iniquities, for all charms are held to be highly sinful. He first scolded him well in private, and then anathematized him from the altar, as a dealer in the black art, until 'loud whispers through the assembly went,' at least through the female part of it, that Soolivan was to be avoided, as if he were Beelzebub himself. Con, however, though he would not renounce his errors, had to bend to the storm by changing his quarters when he found the district too hot for him, and, taking new ground for a season, to let the breeze blow over. But his heart was in the Doneraile stables, for his lordship never allowed his pampered colts to be handled until they were five off, when they gave Sullivan full scope for the display of his powers; and, according to his son, 'he wasn't aisy in his mind, till he was among 'em once more.'

Soon after his return, he met Father James at the turn of a road, where he could not well turn and flee, so he stood his ground manfully. 'Well, sir,' said the priest, in his sternest accents, 'do I see a new man before me, or are you come back to renew your diabolical sorceries in your old

\* Gad—a twisted twig.

haunts?' 'Plase your riverence,' said Con, 'bein no scholar, I can't rightly understand them rocks of English that comes so natural to you; but may be your honour would soften your language a bit, so that a poor boy like myself would be able to pick some brains out of what your're sayin.' 'Come, come, sir, none of your humbug for me,' replied Father James; 'you know very well I want you to tell me, whether or not you have given up your dealings with the devil?' 'How would I give up what I never had, I'd like to know, sir? An shure moreover it wouldn't be for the likes of me to come between the clargy and their customers, and along wud that, 'tis little dalins myself wud like to have with that same ould boy, sein I couldn't bother him wud de latin, and that's the only fwhuishper would frighten him.' 'I see you are growing hardened in your iniquity,' said the priest, who heard him to an end; 'but I now warn you, if you don't explain every thing to my satisfaction before next Sunday, I will curse you with bell, book, and candle, and close the gates of heaven against you for ever.' Sullivan took a minute or two to reflect, and then replied in a most submissive tone, 'shure, sir, 'twas looken for your riverence I was to give myself up to you, for I don't get rest, or pace from the woman (his wife,) night or day, only she to be tellin me I couldn't have look or grace, if I'd be standin out agin the clargy. So I'll just lave yourself into the whole sacret of the matther, and I'll go bail, when you knows all, your riverence won't say but what a bishop may fwhuishper a four year ould filly of a Chrissmus mornin, and say his three masses afther. Now, to shew you the whole ins and outs of my manin (meaning,) I'll jest spake one word to Paddhereen (the priest's mare.)' He then applied his mouth to to Paddhereen's ear, and whispered her with a vengeance, shewing that he could not alone cast out the evil genius, but that he had a whole legion of spirits at his command, for any prank. The magic sounds had no sooner reached Paddhereen's ear, than a hundred-donkey power of stubbornness took possession of her, enlivened by a dash of peevishness which could be only equalled by an old maid's when just refused by her own footman. Sullivan moved off a few paces, to enjoy the effects of his *ruse*, and torment poor father James, who could neither coax or coerce Paddhereen to move one step, while she met every effort of his to alight either by a bite at his legs, or a sudden whirl, as if she moved on such a pivot as they turn the railway carriages on. At last his reverence had to sue for peace, and Con made his own terms before he took off the spell, stipulating for full permission to exercise 'the little janus God gave him,' in his own way, and when and where he pleased.

Soon after this, he whispered for a wager at Lord Doneraile's, but let me tell it verbatim, as his son told it to me. 'Twas iv a cahirmee fair day; there was a dale of company at the great house, an what should my lord dhraw up to 'em—only Con Soolivan the fwhuishperer! 'That man,' siz the lord, 'is one of the seven wundhers of the world.' 'I often hear tell of him,' siz O'Grady, from Kiballyowen. 'So did I,' siz one O'Meagher, from county Tipperary, 'but I wouldn't give into any sich like ramaashe,\*

\* Ramaashe—nonsense.

an I have a coult at home, that I'll bet fifty guineas he wont as much as throw a leg over him in a week.' 'Done, for five hundhert!' siz the lord. 'Done, for the fifty, or a hundhert if you like,' siz O'Meagher; and wud that they fastened the bets, and down they claps a hundhert a piece, and the butler was sent out for my father, and in he walks him where they were dhrinkin their wine; an often I hear him tell, God rest his sowl, that every single glass upon the table was goolde, or silver at the laste. But my father bein used to the ways of the place, he was no way cowed, but he rises his leg to make a gentle scrape, when as the divil wud have it, he scrapes the shkin off the butler's shins. 'Bad luck to your brogues!' siz the big fat Englishman, siz he in a fwhuishper like. 'You're betther not curse the wearer, and that's myself,' siz my father, quite sperrited, so that they all hear him. 'Hould hard, Con,' siz the lord, 'and hear to me; I sent out for you to tell you, I'm afther howldin a wager out of you wud this gintleman here, that you'll back a four year ould coult of his in one day.' 'Plase your honour my lord, wouldn't you make it one hour wud him?' siz he, 'for that baste was never foaled, I wouldn't make dance on a platther in less time.'

'Well, but to make a long story short, the day come round and the coult was brought up, and three horse ridhers, he got the upper hand of down the counthrey, come up along wud him. A dale of gintlemen too, was there from all parts, an they shakin hands wud my fadther, when he was for goin into the barn where the coult was loose, for 'twas a part of of the bargain he was to saddle and bridle him wudout no help. Well, my dear, when he was walkin in all alone be himself, one of the jockeys axes him, thinkin he'd cow him, 'was he afther makin his sowl? for that coult is called the man-ather (man-eater,)' siz he. 'If he never et but the likes of you of a monkey,' siz my father, lookin at him most scornful—for he was a crichauneen\* of a thing, wouldn't weigh six stone,—'they calls him out of his name,'—and in he goes wudout as much as a bit of a twig in his hand. It wasn't very long till he sung out for 'em all to come in, an when the sthrangers seen himself and the wild baste, for they thought he was no betther, lyin down a-top of one another as grauverly† as ever you seen a child and a fat pig sthretched together in one sop, you'd think 'twas the shky was fallin or something else unnatural come to pass, they wor all in sich wundhermint. 'The sign of the cross betwinst us and all harum!' siz one Tipperary man; 'If you aint the ould boy (old Nick) himself, you're an enchaanter of magic, so you are, and Con Soolivan I wash my hands out of you.' 'Well, if that don't bang card-cuttin and fortune-tellin, I'm a Dutchman!' siz another of 'em; 'shure Fune-macool,‡ nor the Seven Champions,§ never done the likes.' 'Give us none of your nonsense, you pair of ould donkeys,' siz the crichauneen, quite smart;

\* Crichaun.—A small potatoe, crichauneen is therefore a double diminutive.

† Grauverly.—Lovingly.

‡ Fune-macool.—Fingal.

§ Seven Champions.—The history of the Seven Champions was at one time a text book in every hedge school in Ireland.

'did he throw a leg over him yet I axes?' 'Is that all that's troublin you, avic\*?' siz my father; 'we'll soon ase your mind far you, but we'll shew a little more action here first.'

'Wud that, he bids one of the gorsoons, used to be about the stables, to go fitch him his raazure, and the rest of the tacklin for shavin. Well, what does he do, but tie the lookin glass to the coult's fore leg, and makes him hould it up, then spraddles across him, lathers away, and shaves himself as clane as e'er a barber in Cork would do it,—excusin himself, by coorse, to the quollity for making so free before 'em. 'Mount him now,' siz the lord. 'Hullups, bramaheen!†' siz my fadther, and while you'd be saying 'thrapstick!' the coult was on his legs. 'Now for it Soolivan!' cries my fadther, an he takes one leap out of his belly and goes on to the coult's back clane in the first hop. Then the coult, he shuck his head, an he riz one leg afther the other, shiverin in his shkin till the big dhrops was runnin down off him jest like a horse you'd be afther givin the first sweat to for a steeple-chase, an they all thought he was goin to lie down upon him, for that was a way he had. 'None of your thricks upon thravlers,' siz my fadther, an he gives him the heels, and screws his knees into him, till you'd think he'd crack his ribs, then walks him up and down the barn as quiet as an ould throoper. 'Crohooreen,‡ siz he to the small boy that brought him the raazure, 'go fetch me the little dhrum the young lord gave you the day of the wran-boys.' He then rode him out of the house, through the yard, and up and down the lawn, foreanenst the great house, and the windies full of ladies; and to shew them some divarsion he kept croostin Pathrick's Day on the dhrum for the bare life, beatin time wid his heels on the coult's ribs the whole time. Well, if he didn't open the eyes of the Tipperary men, there isn't a cottoner in Cork, that's all! But the dhrollest part of it all was, the lord wouldn't take the wagers, it bein no more nor less than a bubble bet, 'for no man who knew Con Soolivan,' says he, 'would bet agin him.' Howsomever, O'Meagher done his best to make him take it, but 'twas no use, an then he put his hand in his pocket an he gave my fadther a five pound note, an all the rest of the gintlemin gave him more or less, an when he gother all his winners he had as good as twenty pound by the job.'

The only other performance of Con's which I shall venture to give here, was on an artillery horse, pronounced unmanageable and unserviceable by men and officers. There was at the time a small park stationed at Mallow, and amongst a lot of horses for draught, was one that the drivers could neither lead or drive. He was put in single, and double harness, as leader, and to the wheel, alternately coaxed, beaten, or dragged along, but all to no purpose; not an ounce would he draw, and he was fit for nothing else. At last he was sold by auction for a few shillings, the Whisperer being the purchaser. No sooner was the precious lot knocked down to him, than he asked a carman who was passing by to

\* Avic.—My son.

† Hullups, bramaheen!—Hip, little colt!

‡ Crohooreen.—Little Cornelius.



lead him cart and harness. He put him to at once, then led and drove him up and down the steep hill, near the old market gate, to the utter amazement of the artillerymen, who were not long enough quartered there to have heard of him. As usual, he did not strike him, and no one heard him say a word, but of course he gave him the whisper. He sold the horse in five minutes after for as many pounds as he gave shillings, and he was well known for many years on the road between Mallow and Cork for as kind a brute as ever was yoked in tug or draught. Con was gathered to his fathers while his sons were too young to learn his secret, so he entrusted it to a neighbouring priest (his own P. P. never forgot, and only partly forgave, the trick he played him,) to be confided to his eldest son, and by him handed down to posterity, as an heir-loom in the Soolivan family, to be strictly entailed on the eldest sons, or other eldest heirs-at-law or the whisperer. The eldest son practises sometimes, but he never will fill his father's boots; and the whipper-in groans in the spirit, thinking, if he does not say, 'the glory hath departed from my father's house!' I am sure he secretly curses the laws of primogeniture as heartily as any cadet in the guards, or your obedient servant.

New Sporting Magazine.]

RANGER.

#### THE HANDLEY-CROSS HOUNDS.—No. IV.

##### THE FIRST DAY OF THE SEASON.

Handley-cross had a very debauched look the morning after the hunt ball. The Ongar rooms being lighted with windows round the top, with covered galleries outside, for the accommodation of milliners, ladies' maids, and such as wish to criticize their masters and mistresses, had no protecting blinds; and a strong party having settled themselves into 'three-some' reels—the gentlemen for the purpose of dancing themselves sober, the ladies like Goldsmith's clown, to try and tire out the orchestra; the ball seemed well-calculated to last for ever, when the appearance of daylight in the room, making the wax-lights look foolish, and causing all the old chaperons to rush to their charges and hurry them off, before bright Phœbus should expose the forced complexions of the night. All then was hurry-scurry; carriages were called up, and hurried off as though the plague had broken out, and Johns and Jehus were astonished at the bustle of their 'mississes.'

The last fly at length drove off; the variegated lamps round the festooned porch, began glimmering and dying in succession, as Doleful and the remaining gentlemen stood bowing, grinning, and kissing their hands to their departing partners, while their blue coats and canary-coloured shorts exhibited every variety of shade and complexion that the colours are capable of. Doleful's hair too, assumed a vermillion hue. The town was clear, bright and tranquil; no sound disturbed the quiet streets, and there was a balmy freshness in the morning air, that breathed gratefully on the feverish frames of the heated dancers. The cock, 'the trumpet of the

morn,' had just given his opening crow, in farmer Haycock's yard behind the rooms, and the tinkling bells of the oxen's yoke came softened on the air like the echoing cymbals of the orchestra.

St. George's chapel clock strikes! Its clear silvery notes fall full upon the listeners' ears. 'One! two! three! four! five! six!—six o'clock!' and youths say it is not worth while going to bed, while men of sense set off without a doubt on the matter. Some few return to the supper-room to share the ends of champagne bottles and lobster salads with the waiters.

Morning brought no rest to the jaded horses and helpers of the town. No sooner were the rosinantes released from the harness of the flies, than they were led to the stable-doors, and wiped and cleaned in a manner that plainly showed it was for coming service, and not for that performed. Bill Gibbon, the club-footed ostler of the 'Swan hotel and livery stables,' had eight dirty fly-horses to polish into hunters before eleven o'clock, and Tom Turnbinn and his deaf and dumb boy had seven hunters and two flies ordered for the same hour. There was not a horse of any description but what was ordered for the coming day, and the donkeys were bespoke three deep.

A little before eleven the bustle commenced; the first thing seen was Peter leaving the kennel with the hounds, Abelard, the black poodle, and 'Mr. Fleeceall,' the white terrier with a black eye. Peter was dressed in a new scarlet frock-coat, with a sky-blue collar, buff striped toilanette waistcoat, black cap, new leathers and boots. His whip, spurs, gloves, bridle, and saddle, were also new, and he was riding a new white horse. Barnaby's groom followed, similarly attired; and this being his first appearance in the character of a whipper-in, he acted fully up to the designation, by flopping and cracking the hounds with his whip, and crying 'co'p, co'p, hounds!—go on hounds—go on! drop it!—leave it!—to him, to him!' and making sundry other orthodox noises.

Lamp-black was that morning in great request. The 'Kentish Arms' is a well-known term for 'broken knees,' and there was not a hack horse in Handley-cross, or even in the hundred, with a pair of whole ones. Collar and crupper marks too, had to be effaced, and some required a touch of lamp-black on their heads, where they had knocked the hair off in their fall. The saddling and bridling were unique! No matter what sort of a mouth the horse had, the first bridle that came to hand was put into it.

Stephen Dumpling's horse having travelled from home, was the first of the regulars to make his appearance in the street. He was a great raking, sixteen hands chestnut, with 'white stockings,' and a bang tail down to the hocks. He was decorated with a new bridle with a blue silk front, and a new saddle with a hunting horn at the bow. Stephen's lad, dressed in an old blue dress-coat of his master's, with a blue and white striped livery waistcoat, top-boots, and drab-cords, and having a cockade in his hat, kept walking the horse up and down before the Dragon hotel, while Stephen with a feverish pulse and aching head, kept sipping his coffee, endeavouring to make himself believe he was eating his breakfast. At last he lighted a cigar, and appeared whip in hand under the arched gateway. He had on

a new scarlet coat with a blue collar, the same old red-ended neck-cloth he had worn at the ball, an infinity of studs down an ill-fitting, badly-washed shirt, a buff waistcoat, and a pair of what are called 'Dorsetshire leathers,'\* a sort of white flannel, that after the roughings of one or two washings, give gentlemen the appearance of hunting in their drawers. His boots had not been 'put straight' after the crumpling and creasing they had got in travelling up in his 'bags,' consequently there were divers patches of blacking transferred to the tops, while sundry scrapings of putty, or of some other white and greasy matter, appeared on the bottoms. Independently of this, the tops retained lively evidence of their recent scouring, in the shape of sundry up and down strokes, like the first coat of whitewashing, or what house-painters call 'priming,' on a new door.

Dumpling's appearance in the street was the signal for many who were still at their breakfasts, to bolt the last bits of muffin, drink up their tea, and straddle into the passage, to look for hats, gloves, and whips. Doors opened, and sportsmen emerged from every house. Round-the-corner Smith's roan mare, with a hunting horn at the saddle bow, had been making the turn of Hookem's library for ten minutes and more, and the stud of Lieutenant Feelall, the riding master,—seven 'perfect broke horses for road or field,' with two unrivalled ponies,—had passed the Dragon for the eight Miss Mercers, and their brother Tom, to go out upon to 'see the hounds.' Then sorry steeds, with sorrier equipments, in the charge of very sorry-looking servants, paced up and down High street, Paradise row, and the Crescent; and a yellow fly, No. 34, with red wheels, drove off with Dumpling's nondescript servant on the box, and the three Miss Dobbses and mother Dobbs, in scarlet silk pelisses, with sky-blue ribbons and handkerchiefs inside. Jaded young ladies, whose looks belie their assertions, assure their mammas that they are not in the 'least tired,' step into flys and drive away through High street, kissing their hands, bowing and smiling, right and left as they go.

Abel Snoreem having purchased a pair of new top-boots, appears in the sky-blue coat lined with pink silk, and the canary-coloured shorts of the previous evening, looking very much like a high sheriff's horse *footman* going out to meet the judges. Not meaning to risk his neck, although booted, he makes the fourth in a fly with Mr. and Miss Mordecai, and fat old Mr. Guzzle, who goes from watering place to watering place, trying the comparative merits of the waters in restoring appetite after substantial meals; he looks the picture of health and apoplexy. Mrs. Barnaby's dashing yellow barouche comes hurrying down the street, the bays bearing away from the pole, and the coachman's elbows sticking out in a corresponding form. Of course, all the flys, horses, and passengers, that are not desirous of being driven over by 'John Thomas,' the London coachman, are obliged to get out of the way as fast as they can, and he pulls up with a jerk as though he had discovered the house all of a sudden. Out rush two powdered flunkies in red plush breeches, pink silk stockings,

\* These breeches used to be very popular with the members of Mr. Farquharson's hunt. Probably the gentlemen cleaned their breeches and coat collars (white,) with the same article.

and blue coatees, when finding it only their *own* carriage, a dialogue ensued between them and Mr. Coachman, as the latter lounges over his box and keeps flanking his horses to make them stand out and show themselves.

A few minutes elapse and out comes the portly butler with a '*Now then! Missis is coming down!*' whereupon the Johnnies rush to their silver-laced hats on the hall table, seize their gold-headed canes, pull their white Berlins out of their pockets, and take a position on each side of the barouche door. Mrs. Barnaby sails majestically down stairs, dressed in a sky-blue satin peligree, with a sky-blue bonnet lined with pink, and a splendid white feather tipped with pink waving gracefully over her left shoulder. She is followed by Barnaby and Doleful, the former carrying her shawl and reticule in one hand, and his own hunting-whip in the other. Barnaby as usual is well-dressed, having on a neat-fitting, double-breasted, round cut scarlet coat, with a blue collar, and rich gilt buttons, sky-blue satin cravat, canary-coloured waistcoat, well-cleaned leathers and gloves, and exquisitely polished boots with very bright spurs. Doleful, who is rather in disgrace for having introduced a partner to one of the three Miss Dobbses over night, and has just had a wiggling for his trouble, sneaks behind, attired in a costume that would astonish Tom Rounding himself at the Epping hunt. It consists of an old militia coat denuded of its facings and trappings, made into a single-breasted hunting coat, but for want of cloth the laps are lined, as well as the collar covered, with blue; his waistcoat is pea-green, imparting a most cadaverous hue to his melancholy countenance, and he has got on a pair of old white moleskin breeches, sadly darned and cracked at the knees, Hessian boots with large tassels, and black heel-spurs. He carries his hat in one hand and a black gold-headed opera cane in the other, and looks very like an itinerant conjuror. What strange creatures *fine* women fancy!

Mrs. Barnaby steps listlessly into the carriage, throws herself upon the back seat, while Barnaby and Doleful deposite themselves on the front one; the door is shut with a bang, the 'Johnnies' jump up behind, '*whit!*' cries the coachman to his horses, off they go, the fat butler having followed them up the High street with his eyes, closes the door, and away they bowl at the rate of twelve miles an hour, round the Crescent, through Jireth-place, Ebenezer row, Apollo terrace, past the archery ground and Mr. Jackson's public gardens, and along the London road as far as the Mount Sion turnpike gate—leaving pedestrians, horsemen, and vehicles of every kind, immeasurably in the distance.

At the gate a tremendous crowd is assembled—Jones Deans, the 'pike-man' has wisely closed the bar, and '*No trust*' stands conspicuously across the road. As the carriage approaches it is thrown wide open, off goes Jones' hat, Mrs. Jones Deans drops a hasty curtesy, that almost brings her knees in contact with the ground, and the little urchins on the rails burst into an involuntary huzza. John Thomas cuts on, and turns at a canter into the grass field on the left of the road, where poor Peter has been walking his hounds about for the last hour or more. What a crowd! Grooms of every description, with horses of every cut and character,



moving up and down, and across, and around the field; some to get their horses' coats down, others to get their legs down, a few to get their horses courage down, others to try and get them up; some because they see others do it, and others because they have nothing else to do.

There are thirteen flies full of the young ladies from Miss Prim's and Miss Prosy's opposition seminaries, the former in sky-blue gingham, the latter in pink; Mrs. Fleeceall driven by her dear Fleecey with a new hunting whip, in a double-bodied one horse 'chay,' with four little Fleecealls stuck in behind; Mr. Davey, the new apothecary, with his old wife in a yellow dennet drawn by a milk-white cart mare; Mr. and Mrs. Hookem of the library in Jasper Green, the donkey driver's best ass-car; farmer Joltem in his untaxed gig, with his name, abode, and occupation painted conspicuously behind; old Tim Rickets, the furniture broker, in a green garden-chair drawn by a donkey; the post-man on a mule; Boltem, the billiard table-keeper, and Snooks, his marker, in an ass phaeton; Donald McGrath, 'Squire Arnold's' Scotch gardener, on 'master George's' pony, and Sam Finch, the keeper, and Thomas, the coachman, on the carriage horses.

Wrapped up in a large dirty Thurtell-looking witney coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, the size of half-crown pieces, in a single horse-fly with a dirty apology for a postilion on the animal, with hands stuffed into his side-pockets, and a hunting-whip peeping above his knees, the mighty Dennis O'Brien wends his way to the meet, his brain still swimming with the effects of the last night's champagne. As he diverges from the road into the grass field, he takes his hunting-whip from its place, loosens the thong, and proceeding to flagellate both rider and horse, dashes into the crowd in what he considers quite a 'bang-up way.' Now, Peter, my boy!' he roars at the top of his voice, as standing erect in the vehicle he proceeds to divest himself of his elegant 'wrap-rascal,' 'be after showing us a run; for by the piper that played before Moses, I feel as if I could take St. Peter's itself in my stride.—Och blood and ounds! ye young spalspeen, but you've been after giving that horse a gallop,—he's sweating about the ears already,' he exclaims to a little charity-school boy, whom the livery-stable keeper had despatched with a horse Dennis has hired for the 'sason,' warranted to hunt four days a week or oftener, and hack all the rest—a raw-boned, broken-knee'd, spavined bay, with some very 'going' points about him. 'Be after jumping off, ye vagabond, or I'll bate ye into a powder.'

Romeo Simpkins then comes tip-tup-ing up on a long-tailed dun, with a crupper to the saddle, surrounded by the four Miss Merrygoes, all ringlets and teeth, and the two Miss Millers, all forehead and cheeks,—the cavalcade mounted by the opposition riding-master, Mr. Higgs, who follows the group at a respectful distance to see they do not take too much out of the nags, and to minute their ride by his watch.\* Romeo is in ecstasies! He has got on an ill-made, cream-bowl-looking hunting cap,

\*At most watering-places 'unfortunates' are let out by the hour—half-a-crown an hour for a three-legged one; three shillings for a horse that has four.

with a flourishing ribbon behind, a very light coloured coat, inclining more to pink than scarlet, made of ladies' habit cloth, a yellow neck-cloth, his white waistcoat of the previous evening, and very thin white cord breeches that show his garters, stocking-tops, and every wrinkle in his drawers; added to which, after a fashion of his own, his boots are secured to his breeches by at least half a dozen buttons, and straps round the leg. The ladies think Romeo 'quite a dear' and Romeo has just the same opinion of himself.

'Now, Barnaby, don't ride like a fool and break your neck,' says the amiable Mrs. Barnaby to her sapient spouse, as he begins to fidget and stir in his carriage, as the groom passes and re-passes with a fine brown horse in tip-top condition, and a horn at the saddle-bow; a request that was conveyed in a tone that implied, 'I hope you may, with all my heart.' Then turning to Doleful, who was beginning to look very uneasy as mounting time approached, she added in a forgiving tone, 'Now, my dear captain, don't let Barnaby lead you into mischief; he's a *desperate* rider I know, but there's no occasion for *you* to follow him over every thing he chooses to ride at.'

Mrs. Barnaby might have spared herself the injunction, for Doleful's horse was a perfect antidote to any extravagance; a more perfect picture of wretchedness was never seen. It was a long, lean, hide-bound, ewe-necked, one-eyed, roan Rosinante, down of a hip, collar-marked, and crupper-marked, with conspicuous splints on each leg, and desperately broken-kneed. The saddle was an old military brass-cantrelled one, with hair girths, rings behind, and a piece of dirty old green carpet for a saddle-cloth. The bridle was a rusty Pelham, without the chain, ornamented with a dirty faded yellow-worsted front, and strong, cracked, weather-bleached reins, swelled into the thickness of moderate traces—with the head-stall ends flapping and flying about in all directions, and having the choak-band secured by a piece of twine in lieu of a buckle. The stirrups were of unequal lengths, but this could not be helped, for they were the last pair in Handley-cross; and Doleful, after a survey of the whole, mounts and sticks his feet into the rusty irons, with a self-satisfied grin on his spectral face, without discovering their inequality.

'Keep a good hold of her mouth, sir,' says the fly-man groom whose property she is, gathering up the reins and placing them in a bunch in Doleful's hands; 'keep a good hold of her head, sir,' he repeats, an exhortation that was not given without due cause, for no sooner did the mare find herself released from her keeper, than down went her head, up went her heels, off went the captain's hat, out flew the militia coat-laps, down went the black gold-headed cane, and the old mare ran wheelbarrow fashion about the field, kicking, jumping, and neighing to the exquisite delight of the thirteen fly-fulls of pink and blue young ladies from Miss Prim's and Miss Prosy's opposition seminaries, the infinite satisfaction of Mrs. Fleeceall, whom Doleful had snubbed, and to the exceeding mirth of the whole field.

'*Help him! save him!*' screams Mrs. Barnaby, with clasped hands and uplifted eyes as the old mare tears past the barouche with her heels

in the air, and the loose riding Mr. C. sitting like the 'Drunken Huzzar' at the circus, unconsciously digging her with his black heel-spurs as she goes. 'Oh heavens! will nobody save him?' she exclaims; and thereupon the two powdered footmen, half-dying with laughter, slip down from behind, and commence a pursuit, and succeed in catching the mare just as she had got the master of the ceremonies fairly on her shoulders, and when another kick would have sent him over her head. Meanwhile Mrs. Barnaby faints. Fans, water, salts, vinegar, all sorts of things are called in requisition, as may be supposed, when the queen of Handley-cross is taken ill; nothing but a recommendation from the new doctor that her stays should be cut, could possibly have revived her.

Peace is at length restored. Doleful, sorely damaged by the brass cantrel and the pommel, is taken from the 'old kicking mare,' as she was called at the stable, and placed alongside the expiring Mrs. Barnaby in the carriage, and having had enough of hunting, Mr. John Thomas is ordered to drive home immediately; whereupon Peter takes out his watch and finds it exactly five minutes to one, the hour that he used to be laying the cloth for Michael Hardey's dinner, after having killed his fox and got his horses done up. Barnaby, having seen his wife fairly out of sight, appears a new man, and mounting his brown hunter, takes his horn out of the case, knocks it against his thigh, gives his whip a flourish, and trots up to the pack, with one foot dangling against the stirrup-iron. In truth Barnaby had some idea of riding, and, barring the brow-beatings of his wife, had quite as much sense as is requisite for a fox-hunter.

Peter salutes him with a touch of his cap, his groom whipper-in scrapes his head against the skies; and Barnaby, with a nod, asks Peter what they shall draw? 'Hazeby-hanger, I was thinking, sir,' replied Peter with another touch, 'the keeper says he saw a fox go in there this morning, and its very nice lying.' 'Well then, let us be going,' replied Barnaby, looking around the field. 'No!' roars Stephen Dumpling, taking a cigar from his mouth; 'Hoppas-hays is the place; the wind's westerly,'—wetting his finger on his tongue and holding it up to the air,—'and if we can force him through Badger-wood and Shortmead, he will give us a rare burst over Langley-downs and away to the sea.' 'Well, what you please, gentlemen,' replies Peter; 'only we have not much time to lose, for the days are getting short, and my fellow-servant here doesn't know the country; besides which, we have five couple of young hounds out.' '*I say* Hazeby-hanger,' replies Barnaby with a frown on his brow, for he was unused to contradiction from any one but his wife. '*I say* Hoppas-hays,' replies Dumpling loudly with an irate look, and giving his boot an authoritative bang with his whip. 'Well, gentleman, which ever you please,' says Peter, looking confused. 'Then go to Hazeby-hanger,' responds Barnaby. '*Hoppas-hays!*' exclaims Dumpling; 'mind Peter, *I'm* your master.' 'No more than myself,' replies Barnaby, and I find the whipper-in.' 'Where's Smith?' shouts Dennis O'Brian, working his way into the crowd, with his coat-pockets sticking out beyond the cantrel of his saddle, like a poor man's dinner wallet. 'Here! here! here!' responded half a dozen voices from horses, gigs, and flies.'

'No, *Round-the-corner* Smith I mean,' replies O'Brian. 'Yonder, he is, by the cow-shed in the corner of the field;' and Smith is seen in the distance in the act of exchanging his hack for his hunter. He comes cantering up the field feeling his horse as he goes, and on being halloed to by some score of voices or more, pulls short round and enters the crowd at a trot. 'What shall we draw first, Smith?' inquires Mr. Barnaby; 'I I propose Hazleby-hanger.' 'I say Hoppas-hays,' rejoins Dumphling. 'Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-zleby-ha-ha-ha-ha-hanger, or Ho-ho-ho-hoppas ha-ha-ha-hays! I should think Fa-fa-fa-farley pa-pa-pasture better than either. 'Well then, let us draw lots,' replied Dennis O'Brian, 'for it's not right keeping gentlemen and men of fortune waiting in this way. By the great gun of Athlone, but the Ballyshannon dogs, kept by Mr. Trodennick, would find and kill a fox in less time than you take in chaffing about where you'll draw for one. See now,' added he, pulling an old racing calendar out of his capacious pocket, and tearing a piece into slips, 'here are three bits of paper; the longest is for Hazleby-hanger, the middle one is Hoppas-hays, and the short one shall be Farley-pasture, and Peter shall draw; whereupon Dennis worked his way through the crowd, advanced into the middle of the pack, and just as Peter drew a slip, Dennis' spavined steeple-chaser gave Abelard, the French poodle, such a crack on the skull as killed him dead on the spot. The field is again in commotion, two-thirds of the young ladies in pink gingham burst into tears, while one of the sky-blue pupils faints, and a second is thrown into convulsions and bursts her stays with the noise of a well charged two-penny cracker. 'Who-hoop!' cries Dennis O'Brian, 'here's blood already!' jumping off his horse and holding the expiring animal in mid air; 'Who-hoop, my boys, but we've begun the season gallantly! killed a lion instead of a fox!' and thereupon he threw the dead dog upon the ground amid the laughter of a few pedestrians, and the general execration of the carriage company.

We need not say that the sport of the ladies was over for the day. There lay poor Abelard, the only dog in the pack they really admired; whose freaks and gambols in return for buns, and queen-cakes, had often beguiled the weariness of their brothers' kennel lectures. The sparkling eye that marked each movement of the hand, was glazed in death, and the flowing luxuriance of his well combed mane and locks clotted with gory blood—Alas, poor Abelard!

'Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!

Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear!'

The hounds alone seemed unconcerned at his fate, and walked about and smelt at him, as though they hardly owned acquaintance, when 'Mr. Fleeceall,' the white terrier with the black patch on his eye, having taken him by the ear, with the apparent intention of drawing him about the field, Miss Prim most theatrically begged the body, which was forthwith transferred to the bottom of her fly, to the unutterable chagrin of Miss Prosy, who was on the point of supplicating for it herself, and had just arranged a most touching speech for the occasion. Eyes were now



ordered to be dried and the young ladies were forthwith got into marching order.—Pink gingham wheeled off first, and when they got home, those that did not cry before, were whipped and made to cry after; while the sky-blue young ladies had a page of Sterne's Sentimental Journey, commencing 'Dear sensibility! source unexhausted of all that is precious in our joys or costly in our sorrows!' &c. to learn by heart, to make them more feeling in future.

The field, reduced one-half, at two o'clock set off for Farley-pasture; the procession consists of five flys, twenty-three horsemen, four gig-men, and a string of thirteen donkeys, some carrying double, and others with panniers full of little folk.

Dumpling and Barnaby look unamiable things at each other, but neither having carried his point, they ride along the sandy lane that leads to the cover in pouting sullenness. The cavalcade rises the hill that commands the cover in every quarter, where Peter and the pack wait until the long drawn file have settled themselves to their liking. The cover is an uninclosed straggling gorse of about three or four acres in extent, rising the hill from a somewhat dense patch of underwood, bounded on the east by a few weather-beaten Scotch firs; the country around is chiefly in grass fields of good dimensions. Dumpling canters round the cover, and takes a position among the firs, while Barnaby plants himself immediately opposite; and Smith, determined not to be outdone in importance, establishes himself to the south. '*Yooi in there!*' cries Peter at last with a wave of his cap, his venerable gray hairs floating on the breeze; '*yooi in there, my beauties!*' and the old hounds at the sound of his cheery voice, dash into the gorse and traverse every patch and corner with eagerness; '*have at him there!*' cries Peter, as Belmaid, a beautifully pied bitch, feathers round a patch of gorse near a few stunted birch and oak trees: '*have at him there!*' my beauty!—'*yooi, wind him!*' '*yooi, push him!*'

'*Talli-ho!*' cries Abel Snoreem in a loud, deep, sonorous voice from his fly, rubbing his eyes with one hand and raising his hat in the air with the other; '*talli-ho! yonder she goes.*' '*It's a hare!* exclaims Peter; '*it's a hare! pray hold your tongue, sir! pray do!*' It is too late; the mischief is done. Three couple of young hounds that did not like the gorse, having caught view, dash after her; and puss's screams at the corner of the ploughed field, are drowned in the horns of the masters who commenced the most discordant *tootleings*, puffings, and blowings as soon as ever Abel Snoreem's talli-ho was heard. Meanwhile the whipper-in has worked his way round to his delinquents, and jumping off his horse seizes the hind-quarters of puss, whereupon Vigilant seizes him *à posteriori* in return, and makes him bellow like a bull. The masters canter round, the field rush to the spot, and all again is hubbub and confusion. '*Lay it into them!*' exclaims Barnaby to his groom whipper-in; '*cut them to ribbons, the riotous rips!*' '*Don't!*' interposes Dumpling, '*I won't have the hounds flogged;*' whereupon the ladies laud his feeling, and mutters something that sounds very like '*Barnaby and brute.*' Just as stuttering Smith is in the midst of a long string of stammers upon the question of corporeal punishment, a loud, clear, shrill talli-ho is heard proceeding

from the neighbourhood of the fir trees, and Peter on the white horse is seen standing in his stirrups, cap in hand, holloaing his hounds away to their fox. 'Hoic together! hoic!' he exclaims; and the old hounds rush eagerly to the voice that has led them to a hundred glories.—'Yonder he goes by Mersham Hatch, and away for Downleigh-crag,' exclaims a lad in a tree, and all eyes are strained in the direction that he points.

'Forrard, away!' 'forrard.' 'Crack! crack!' go a score of whips; 'talli-ho!' scream a dozen voices, 'Away! away! away!' holloas Peter, settling himself in his saddle. 'Away! away! away!' echoes the groom whipper-in, as he stands rubbing himself, debating whether to mount or go home to the doctor. Barnaby races round the cover, Dumpling takes the opposite side followed by Smith, and Dennis O'Brian shoves his spavined steed straight through the cover, and goes bounding over the high gorse bushes like a boat off a rough shore. Romeo Simpkins and his tail trot after a fat old gentleman on a black cob, dressed in a single-breasted green coat, with mahogany-colour top-boots, and a broad-brimmed hat, who makes for Ashley-lane, from thence over Downleigh-hill, from whence there is a full view of the pack running like wild-fire over the large grass enclosure near Ravensdene village, with no one but Peter within a quarter of a mile of them.

Away they speed: and just as Peter's white horse looks like a pigeon in the distance, and the rest diminish into black specks, a curve to the left brings them past Arthingworth-clump, leaving the old tower on the right, and skirting the side of Branston wood, far in the distance they enter upon the track of chalky land beyond. The old gentleman's eye catches fresh fire at the sight, he takes off his low-crowned hat, and mops his bald head with a substantial snuff-coloured bandana, and again bumps off at a trot. He pounds along the lanes, turning first to the right, then to the left; now stopping to listen, now cutting through the backs of farm-buildings, now following an almost imperceptible cart track through a line of field-gates, until he gains Surrender lane, where he pulls up short and listens. 'Hark!' he exclaims, holding up his hand to Romeo and his female friends, who are giggling and tittering at the delightful canter they have had; 'hark!' he repeats in a somewhat louder voice. A short sharp chirp is borne on the breeze; it is Heroine all but running mute. A deeper note follows, another, and another, which gradually swell into chorus, as the pack carry the scent across the fallow, and get upon turf nearer hand. The old gentleman is in ecstasies. He can hardly contain himself. He pulls his cob across the lane; his hat is in the air, no one views the fox but himself, the hounds pour into the lane;—a momentary check ensues. Villager speaks to it in the next field; Dexterous has it too—and Coroner, Harmony, Funnylass, and Ravenous, join cry!—they run the hedge-row—a snap and crack is heard just by the large ash tree. 'Whoo-whoop!' holloas the old gentleman, putting his finger in his ear, and Peter comes bounding over the fence and is among his pack fighting for the fox.

Then up come the field, the horses heaving, panting, and blowing, all in a white lather, and the perspiration streaming off the red faces of the

riders. There has been a desperately jealous tussle between Barnaby and Dumpling which should ride first; and nothing but the badness of the start has prevented their being before the hounds. Dumpling has knocked in the crown of a new eight-and-sixpenny hat; while a strong grower that he bore before him through a stiff bull-finch, returned with a switch across Barnaby's nose, that knocked all the skin off the bridge.

'I claim the brush!' exclaimed Dumpling, still in the air. 'No such thing!' responds Barnaby as they land together in the deep lane, from the top of the high bank with a strongly pleached hedge on the top. 'I say it's mine!' 'I say it isn't!' 'I say it is!' 'Peter, it's mine!' 'Peter, it isn't!' 'At your peril give it to him!' 'You give it to me, or I discharge you!'

'Well, gentlemen,' replies Peter, laying the fox before him, which ever way you please.' 'Then give it me.' 'No, give it me.' 'Isn't it mine, sir?' says Dumpling, appealing to the gentleman on the cob, my horse touched ground first, and according to all the laws of steeple-chasing that ever I've heard or read of in Bell's Life, or elsewhere, that's decisive.' 'I should say it was Squire Hartley's,' observed Peter, looking at the green-coated gentleman on the cob.

'Squire Hartley's!' exclaim Dumpling and Barnaby at the same moment; 'Squire Hartley's! How can that be? He's not even a member of the hunt, and doesn't give a farthing to it.' 'It was his cover we found in,' replies Peter; 'and in old master's time we always gave the brush to whoever was first up.' '*First up!*' roars Dumpling, 'why he's never been out of a trot!' 'And ridden the road!' adds Barnaby. 'What do we know about your old master?' rejoins Dumpling, 'he was a skirting, nicking, Macadamizing old screw.' 'He was a better sportsman than ever you will be,' replies Peter, his eyes sparkling with anger as he spoke. 'Let us have none of your impertinence,' replies Barnaby, nettled at the disrespect towards a member of the committee; 'and let me advise you to remember that you hunt these hounds for the amusement of your masters and not for your own pleasure, and you had better take care how you steal away with your fox again as you did just now.' That he ha-ha-ha-had,' exclaims Round-the-corner Smith as he creeps down the side of the bank, holding by the cantrel of his saddle, into the lane, after having ridden the line with great assiduity without seeing a bit of the run; 'I ne-ne-ne-ne-never saw such an impudent thing done in all the whole course of my li-li-li-life before.'

Poor Peter made no reply. An involuntary tear started to the corner of his eye, when, having broken up his fox, he called his hounds together and turned his horse's head towards home, at the thought of the change he had lived to see. Arrived at Handley-cross, he fed his hounds, dressed his horse, and then, paying a visit to each of his masters, respectfully surrendered the situation of 'huntsman to the committee of management of the Handley-cross fox-hounds.'

[New Sporting Magazine.]

## EELS AND EEL FISHING.

There is no fish more deserving of the attention both of the naturalist and the sportsman than the eel. The otter connects the finny tribe with the quadruped, the flying-fish with the bird, and the eel with the reptile. Eels when young, and of mature growth, are equally singular in their habits. The Rev. W. Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, relates that in the Dee, in Aberdeenshire, he once saw a black line along the edges of the river, running from the lower part towards the upper, that he put his hand in the water to touch the line, which then became discontinued; but which, when his hand was withdrawn, united again, and on minute examination, to his astonishment, presented a series of small eels, not exceeding half an inch in length, moving forward with great celerity. This phenomenon is by no means singular. I have observed the same in the month of June, in the Nene, in Northamptonshire, with this difference, that the young eels were more fully formed, being of the length of from three to five inches. They were on their way from the sea towards the source of the river—not that the source was to be the terminus of all, but a portion of the whole line would be deposited as they proceeded upwards, until it became exhausted.

Some time ago, before eel traps were introduced into the mills, we used to have fine sport at Long-Horton stanch, which may be equally well obtained in any water which is free from those destructive engines. A frame-work was made to fit across one of the smaller gates, or little *cloughs*, to use the local term; to this frame-work a net of very strong cord was affixed, twenty yards long and narrowing towards the extremity, to which a hoop-net was tied, and into which the fish were carried by the stream. When all was ready and the net placed in the water, the other gates were closed, and the one at which the net was set being left open. From thirty to forty stones of eels were thus taken in a night, and, generally, they were very fine ones, weighing upon an average, a pound each, some of the heaviest being from four to five pounds. This mode of fishing may be adapted to arch, bridge, outlet, or stanch, where there is a flush of water, and conveniences exist for its course being confined to the channel in which the net is placed. The net is to be watched, for occasionally it gets choked up with weeds or drift wood, brought down by the high water; and it is equally necessary to take out the eels at several times, for otherwise they would be crushed to death by their own weight in the small space into which they are ultimately forced by the current.

It is generally asserted that eels cannot be confined in any pond or other water, and I shall relate two cases in proof of the assertion, and illustrative of the curious and reptile-like habits of these fish. I have a pond of considerable length, through which there is a constant stream of fresh water, with iron gratings to prevent the ingress and egress of all fish. This pond was cleaned out some time ago, and before the dam was struck and the fresh water re-admitted, there was not an eel in the pond. I could, however, a short time afterwards, take eels of two pounds weight from this



pond, but ceased to do so about a fortnight since, and have no doubt they had either shifted their quarters or were all taken. The question is how did they get there? They did not come through the grating,—that is impossible, but must have come overland from two much larger ponds than mine, supplied from the same spring. Another remarkable instance is this: Mr. Smith, a farmer of my acquaintance, with no pretensions to be called a fisherman, has a pond in one of his fields, in which, during the winter and spring months, there are always plenty of fine eels. In the summer this pond is either dry, or so little water remains as to enable one to ascertain beyond all question that there is not a single eel in it; and yet, in the following winter, he finds the eels in the pond, and in considerable numbers. The nearest water to this pond is an ancient navigation, called Carr-dyke, now disused and nearly grown up in some parts, though deep and clear in others. This is at least a mile distant from the pond, and yet there is no doubt that the eels travel from hence across the grass fields to the pond and back, when a wonderful instinct teaches them a time of dearth and death is approaching.

To return to eel-fishing in rivers, on which I will make a few observations, and then close my remarks. It will always be found that much larger eels are taken with single lines and hook than on the long line, from which forty or fifty hooks are suspended, and the line set in a serpentine direction along the stream. It was sometime before I discovered the cause of this, and was first led to it by observing that the largest eels were always taken at the two extremities of the long line. It is obvious, therefore, that the best eels swim nearest the shore, and that the bait-fish should lie either from single lines, or along the long line, within two yards or so of the bank. It is a mistaken notion altogether to lay a line for eels across the river, or even in a zigzag direction, in the middle of the stream.

I was much amused a few nights since in joining a party who were out *totting*—a term sufficiently well understood in this neighbourhood, but which may require interpreting for general information. This mode of fishing is by cutting a hole in the weeds, on some gravelly bottom, and there fixing a boat. The fisherman has a short stick, to which a cord is attached, and from which a bunch of large worms, strung on worsted are suspended, in the middle of which is a leaden plummet. This is dropped down to the bottom. No difficulty exists in discovering when there is a bite; for 'to suck like an eel' is a saying amply proved when the sport begins. The *tot* is then suddenly hoisted into the boat, when the eels drop, and the tot is again plunged to the bottom, and, when it is a good night for the sport, is as quickly in the boat again. Now this is a species of sport which not only admits of, but in some degree requires, another amusement to be carried on simultaneously, I mean that of cigars and grog. A more jolly, happy time I never spent, nor was I ever out fishing when better sport followed than when we went a totting; but I must say that without the *et ceteras* totting is rather cold, dreary work, and, until the biting begins, decidedly *slow*.

The present is about the best time for setting eel *leaps* or *grigs*, or by whatever other name those wicker baskets are known in different countries.

A new leap is useless the first month, as the eels will never enter it until the smell of the osiers is gone, and that of the river acquired. A warm rain, with occasional lightning, is sure to be a good night for eel fishing, either with the hooks, leaps, or tot; but a flush of water seems to be useless for any purpose save the traps and net, as the eels, which at all other times work against the stream, as invariably come down with the flood. The best bait-fish for eel hooks are small gudgeons, minnows, or sticklebacks, as being more easily gorged than larger fish, which the eels suck off the hooks. I learnt too, from an old fisherman, another good lesson relative to eel baits, and it was to dry them during the day by exposure to the air, as an additional cause for their being gorged, instead of being sucked off by the little fry that first visit them. N. W.

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### THE TURF AND ITS UNCERTAINTIES.

There is scarcely a racing meeting of any interest, the result of which does not teach us the absurdity of being too sanguine on any favourite's winning. A horse may run well at one place and ill at another, because at the one, the nature of the ground may suit his powers, and at the other, the very reverse may be the case. Only look at the wide difference in the courses usually run at Newmarket by colts at three years old, and the Derby course at Epsom, and tell me a greater contrast in any other courses in England, where anything like money is run for. How often have we witnessed the pride of Newmarket, after sweeping into his owner's coffers all the rich stakes at the Craven and first spring meetings, over the Abingdon mile, the Rowley mile, and the Ditch mile courses, beaten into fits before he reaches Tattenham corner, by horses proved to be, over the short flat courses at Newmarket, not within ten or a dozen pounds of his speed? It is the *hill* and the distance which alter the goodly animal! Yet notwithstanding the notoriety of the Newmarket and other favourites, being so frequently sent to the *right about* at Epsom, still there are some gentlemen on whom the most glaring facts are wasted, and almost daily experience lost; they still maintain the even tenor of their way, and are to be found backing the favourite of every Derby, Oaks, or Leger.

Without going so far as Crutch Robinson and others of the same grade, who are 'outrageously prejudiced,' as Mr. Crockford would say, against any thing called in the betting-ring 'favourites,'—yet, my own experience tells me that racing, more especially among second and third raters, can never be reduced to any thing like the certainty of which some gentlemen, famous for the excellent 'lines' they draw, pretend to bring it to. If we glance at the return lists of the Newmarket spring meetings, we shall find many instances of the winner of a race yesterday, defeated by a horse to day, that did not even obtain a place in yesterday's race,—the weights, the course, and in several instances, the jockeys precisely the same. To account for this in-and-out running is scarcely possible; the only certainty is, that there is nothing so ticklish in constitution as the trained running

horse. From the moment he is backed to the moment his engagements come off, he is kept in a state of excitement, and a little matter irritates him, and consequently throws days', and even weeks' attention to the back ground.

I will carry the reader back to the St. Leger, 1812, when Mr. Robs' colt Otterington, by Golumpus, won the race beating twenty-three others, amongst them the celebrated Catton, and flooring the largest odds ever heard offered previous to that day. Otterington had been running at the York races without even getting a place; and I have been told, that he ran for the Leger solely that a party might win some bets as to the number that started. Mr. Rob took, for a 'lark' as it was said, £1,000 to £10, and had the pleasure of seeing his horse win by a short head! The fact was, that the state of the course rendered any true running impossible; and when it is considered that the race occupied upwards of *four minutes* in running, and that it is generally got over in *three minutes and twenty-five seconds*, I need say no more upon Mr. Rob's lucky hit—save that Otterington never showed as a winner afterwards.

The career of Lord Jersey's Riddlesworth in the year 1831, ought to serve as a lesson to the too sanguine backers of favourites. After winning the Riddlesworth, (from which race he took his name,) the Dinner stakes, the 2,000 guineas, and Newmarket stakes, in a manner that comparison with any thing of his year would have been deemed 'ridiculously absurd,' he went to Epsom. was backed *at 6 to 4 to beat twenty-two others*, and got handsomely defeated by a little scratching thing named Spaniel, belonging to Lord Lowther; a horse about whose winning 40 to 1 absolutely went a begging in the betting-ring. The running of Spaniel at two years old was of the worst description, and scarcely any one, save Joe Rogers, would have kept such an unpromising animal over the winter, or have bestowed pains on so unworthy a public runner. It was a fortunate Derby for the 'legs,' most of whom had laid it out against Riddlesworth, being tempted by the odds. A young bettor in Joe Rogers' stable, of the name of Jones got, I believe, something like £2,000 to £25 about Spaniel's winning! Condition—I never saw a horse more fit to run—and the dry weather previous to the day won the Derby for Lord Lowther. The Oaks of that year was also 'a pull' to the fielders, for Circassian was nearly as great a favourite as Riddlesworth, and her performances, both at Doncaster and Newmarket, were so good that the race was booked 'over.' Here again the hardness of the course, from the roads to the dip, completely crippled the fair Circassian; and the game Oxygen, a slower but a stronger mare, carried off the Oaks, beating some longish odds—the bettors having put it on against her, from her bad running at Newmarket for the 1,000 guineas stakes.

Let us now go back to the Leger 1830, when the Birmingham nag took the *shine* out of the mighty Priam, to the great discomfiture of the Newmarket gentry, and the Chifney party in particular, who thought it a 'certainty.' The previous and subsequent running of the 'hardware' nag proved him at least *seven pounds* inferior to Priam, yet Birmingham won the Leger cleverly, Priam second. There cannot be a doubt that the heavy

state of the course was, in this instance, the cause of Priam's defeat; yet why did not the backers of him take *that* into consideration before the start, and then they would not have taken 11 to 10 about his cutting down *twenty-seven others*, many of which had strong public claims as winners? It was reported that one noble lord lost upwards of £30,000 by backing Priam and Hassan!

The Leger of 1831 was won by the Duke of Cleveland's Chorister, against whose winning the betting gentry, particularly the southerners, laid odds, from 15 to 50 to 1! The fact was the noble Duke was the owner of another horse in the race named Marcus; and Chifney, under whose care the animal was, booked winning with him to a 'certainty.' As a matter of course, it was to be suspected that something like a trial would take place between the two previous to the Leger race; and from the advancement of Marcus, on the Monday morning, in the odds, viz. to 9 to 2, and the decline of Chorister to £1000 to £25, it in a great measure satisfied the *would-be knowing ones* that it was all right. Chorister won by a head, and Marcus was beaten at least a hundred yards by the winner! So much for placing dependence upon reported trials in *some* stables.

The Derby, 1832, was carried off by the favourite, St. Giles, whose running previous to the day had been anything but Derby-like. In calling St. Giles the 'favourite,' I beg leave to observe that it was *only* on the morning of the race that he reached the top of the poll in the odds. It has been roundly asserted that 'there were more horses made safe in this race than in any other within the memory of man.' Now, without going into any argument on the case, I have only to observe, that Margrave could have won if St. Giles had failed; that Beiram would in the opinion of many judges of racing, have defeated the whole lot, had he been well; and that Messrs. Gully and Ridsdale won somewhere about seventy-five thousand pounds between them.

The Derby and Oaks of the following year (1833) proved a regular slice of good fortune for the fielders; for Dangerous, winner of the Derby, was fancied only the week before the start, and was then only backed at odds varying from 40 to 50 to 1; and Vespa winner of the Oaks, was so far from being in estimation with the backers of horses, that I more than once heard a 1,000 to 15 offered by a sporting Colonel. Glaucus was backed safe to run away with the Derby, and Tantarella was looked upon as certain to win the Oaks. It only remains to be told that neither of the favourites even showed in front, from the start to the finish of the race.

I now come to the year 1834, and here the favourite won the Derby in a style that placed him far, very far, above any horse of his age, whether speed, stoutness, shape, or temper be the consideration. Plenipotentiary's running at Newmarket was brilliant in the extreme, and although divers reports were set in circulation about his having a cough, being lame and a hundred other things, yet all would not do—he won the Derby. I do not recollect another race that ever brought our crack stables together, all pretty confident of being '*there or thereabouts*.' There were the northern sportsmen, having at their head that fine judge of racing, John Gully, Esq., laying it on heavily on Bubastes; there was the Chifney party



(then very influential,) guided by the wary Bland and knowing Halliday, offering to post the ready to any amount that Shilelagh proved the winner; there was the Jersey party, very sweet on their horse Glencoe, and taking the odds very freely; there was the Peel party (by the bye, the safest of *all parties* to follow) backing their stable through thick and thin; there was—but enough! Every owner was sanguine, and this accounts for the Derby of 1834 being the greatest betting race ever known. Messrs. Bland and Halliday backed Shilelagh to win them upwards of £60,000, and Stevens, the fishmonger, stood to win £20,000, the same way; none of these knowing ones hedged a penny of their bets respecting Chifney's winning. This year was an eventful year to the backers of horses. The great Plenipotentiary, after winning all the great stakes in the south, and beating easily most of the best north country horses, could scarcely be supposed to run in at the fag-end of the Leger race at Doncaster, yet such was the case. So much was said at the time, and so many opinions given (scarcely any two of which tallied) that I shall not enter into any thing like an argument, but will relate an anecdote which will go a great way towards proving that the horse was decidedly unfit to run, and that an acute observer might have discovered it. A gentleman, who, to do him *justice*, is one of the best judges of the powers of a racehorse we have, for two years previous to this race had retired from the turf, and entered into the holy state of matrimony; the object of his affections making him give her his word that he would never bet again on a horse race *without her consent*. It happened that this gentleman and his lady paid a visit to Doncaster during the race week, and on the Tuesday morning of the Leger he thus addressed her: 'My dear, should you not like me to give you a thousand guineas to buy you jewels with?' The lady replied, 'Yes;' he then said, 'Nothing *can be easier*, I will win you the sum on this race.' 'But,' said the lady, 'are you certain you can't lose?' 'Quite so, my dear! and I may as well win a couple of thousands for myself.' Consent being thus obtained, it only remains to be related that the thousand was won for the lady, together with *three* thousand besides for the gentleman, who backed the field against the 'favourite' Plenipotentiary, entirely from his believing him to be, from his appearance, amiss.

Mündig's Derby (1835) led many of the backers of favourites on the wrong side of the *hedge*. The Scotts, as is well known from experience, do not tell the public *their* favourite until close upon the day. In that year Coriolanus was for a long time all the rage, then came Luck's-all, and afterwards Mirabeau, who was followed up by some four or five others—made favourites for this occasion only. All this while 50 to 1 was being quietly taken about Mündig's winning, and on the morning of the race the horse took a prodigious jump in the odds from 20 to 6 to 1, and what is more, he *won by a head*. Scores were '*let in*' as the term goes, for the scramble that year to 'get on' beggars description; and the backers of Ibrahim, Ascot, and others, were obliged to stand the shot—hedging was out of the question.

I now come to the last year's Derby, a race, corroborative of the uncertainty of horse-racing, and convincing, to the most careless observer,

of the folly of standing too heavily on any favourite. Rat-trap had, by his race for the Newmarket stakes (forty-two yards short of a mile) raised himself to the front rank in the estimation of the sporting public; and as he appeared to train well on, and had Robinson, that prince of jockeys, to steer him, as little as 7 to 4 was taken about his winning. Here the difference of the course told with wonderful effect, for Phosphorus, who was defeated by Rat-trap at the Newmarket race—never appearing to have a chance from the start to the finish—beat the flying miler long before they reached the corner! Rat-trap's running this year at Newmarket proves what always was asserted of him, that he is a very uncertain runner; for after winning the Port stakes, in a common canter, and beating Caravan (who gave 7lbs.) by a neck, he was defeated easily, receiving 10lbs., by the Carpenter, a horse which Caravan, in the First Spring Meeting, had beaten, receiving only 3lb. for his year.

At the Derby just passed, the favourites have again been knocked about like nine-pins, to the utter dismay of their too sanguine admirers, and to the great joy and profit of the knowing fielders. Amato, a confirmed outsider, a horse betted against at odds varying from 100 to 1—frequently laid in the winter—to 30 to 1, currently offered at the start, won the 1838 Derby with ease, beating the cracks of Newmarket, Stockbridge, and Malton, out of all conceit. And now a word or two respecting this Amato. In the first place he has as good blood flowing in his veins as any horse in England, whether speed or stoutness be the fancy; also as nicely a shaped animal as ever was seen, with good sound legs, and an undeniably strong constitution; moreover he had a singular advantage over his Derby opponents by being trained at Epsom, consequently every inch of the course was known to him, and he required no shaking about in a caravan to convey him to the place of running. Thus was every thing greatly in favour of this son of Velocipede, and as any thing relating to Sir Gilbert Heathcote's horses might be ascertained by asking, I am surprised that the trial which took place a day or two previous to the meeting, was not more generally known;—Amato, receiving only 14lbs. from a good aged trial horse, and giving 10lbs. to the Tawney Owl, his own age, beat them in an Eclipse-like style. Yet, with all these advantages staring the betting gentlemen in the face, Amato was still neglected; and on the Sunday before the race, I heard an old gentleman, one, by-the-by, who has been considered a sound judge in racing concerns, say, 'I like Amato's appearance much; I think him a nice goer; and if he belonged to any other person than Sir Gilbert, I should back him for a pony; but,' added he, 'Sir Gilbert Heathcote won't win a Derby in a hundred years:—so much for prejudice. 'Amato is also a dark horse,' says one who had backed heavily Young Rowton and Bullion, both dark also. Of this one thing I am quite sure, that had Amato been fancied by what is termed a 'fashionable,' party, the result of his trial would have lifted him from the outside, to the foremost rank in the betting—somewhat in the manner in which Cobham sprung.

I will now turn to Cobham, a horse which I spoke highly of three months ago, in the New Sporting Magazine. On the Friday previous to

the meeting, Cobham had a trial with Epirus, Albemarle, Bretby, and another; and so completely took the shine out of the lot, that a gentleman, connected with the Scotts, and who witnessed the trial, exclaimed, 'tis all over but shouting!' The eagerness displayed to back him, on the Monday afternoon before the race, beat every thing of the sort I ever saw or heard of—from 9 to 1 he jumped to 4 to 1, then 3 to 1; and, in the evening, closed at scarcely 5 to 2; indeed, at many of the sporting houses he was backed at 2 to 1 for good sums. What a different effect this trial had upon the minds of the bettors, compared to that of Amato!

It now comes to be asked, how was it that Cobham, after such a trial, came to be the first to decline in the struggle? He certainly looked well to the eye, and galloped in good form; he got a much better start than his companion, Albemarle, and had Bretby to cut out his work; yet all would not do, the mighty Cobham's chance, ere the ruck of horses reached the turn at the corner, had degenerated from 3 to 1 to any odds named against him. It is so rare for the Scotts to make a mistake in their trials, that their party actually thought something serious had occurred, when they could not perceive the 'darling of their hopes' in the front rank, and Albemarle running gallantly. After the race it was stated that Wm. Scott could in no way account for the inferior manner in which Mr. H. Combe's horse had run; and I have since been informed that the same horses that ran the trial on the Friday previous, were put together the Friday subsequent, and the result came off as before—Cobham won in a canter.

Lord Jersey's Phoenix was another poser to the 'favourite' gentlemen. I do not recollect during my career on the turf, ever hearing a horse extolled more than this rank imposter was. He was a stone better than Achmet was at his age; could give the gelding lumps of weight, and was in every respect a second Bay Middleton—only something *better*! Now, to the unprejudiced eye, a moderate judge of racing might have booked him, (Crutch Robinson did so,) as the safest horse *to lose* amongst the whole twenty-three. He was obviously too fat *to run* the Derby course, and too high a galloper *to win*, if in ever so good condition. Lord Jersey is fortunate in having his horses backed by the public.

Of John Day's horses, Grey Momus only was fit to run, and he as a Newmarket jockey, observed was 'too fit.' The fact is, he was drawn too fine; or as Mr. G. facetiously said, 'You might draw him through a ring.' That Grey Momus is a first-rate racehorse, I think no one will be hardy enough to deny, but the Derby race proved that speed is not his *forte*—perhaps the Goodwood course for the drawing-room stakes will suit him better; at all events he will have a better chance, as Amato gives all in the race *eight pounds*. D'Egville *may* be in better favour at Doncaster; for the Derby he was only backed for small sums by little men.

In my visit to Newmarket in the spring, I made mention of Col. Peel's Ion, by Cain, out of Margaret; and pronounced him one of the most promising of the Newmarket lot. His running proves that I was not far out in my judgment of his merits as a racer; and those who saw him before the start for the Derby, will agree with my previous opinion, 'that a better

shaped animal than Ion, combining speed with stoutness, rarely strips for a Derby.' Ion is, I am informed, to be 'bottled up' for the Doncaster St. Leger; that course, I should think, will suit him better than the Epsom.

Young Rowton, backed as he had been by his spirited owner, Mr. George Payne, a gentleman who ought, by this time, to know whether he has a bad horse or a good one—claimed his share of attention, but he was not much fancied by the public generally. What there is in Young Rowton, time will show us; for my part, I think him too deficient in almost all racing points to ever figure high as a racer.

If I had been a betting man, and felt disposed, as most of them do on the day, to have a 'shy' at the long odds to ten or fifteen pounds, I should have selected Mr. Worrall's brown colt Dormouse, for my chance, at something like 1,000 to 15, his price on the morning of the race. This colt is as nice a turned horse as I ever beheld, and appeared 'fit to start for a man's life,' as the saying is. Joe Rogers always contrives to get his horses fit for Epsom. Dormouse ran a very good race, under the disadvantage of having a bad start, and was about fifth at the finish. I have no doubt this horse will see a better day.

The Early Bird's chance, as might easily have been seen, was quite out, when beholding him in the Warren. His legs had been awfully knocked about, and the hardness of the course was sadly against him. It is true I heard many inquiries in the ring, as to 'how much to ten pounds against the Early Bird?' &c. but these were only hedging bets, and 'what is the use of getting the best of a bet unless you hedge?' says Mr. Cauty.

The only other horse I shall mention, is Bullion—poor Bullion! the pride of the Gloucestershire gentlemen, and the hope of Isaac Day, what a wretched figure he cut at Epsom! From what transpired at Tattersall's on the Monday week before the race, I was inclined to think this horse would be there or thereabouts; but as the day approached, and a slight whisper got abroad of the Grey's having been tried with a country horse, Bullion was at a discount in the market; and from the running he made in the Derby, he had far better have been at Northleach. It may be noticed here, that Bullion was the only Emilius colt in the last Derby.

The start with the exception of three or four horses was, in my opinion not amiss. It is next to impossible to start all upon equal terms; and the only regret I feel about the race is, that Chifney did not go, or rather—for he did start—that he pulled up. There were three false starts; at the second, Grey Momus had an excellent lead. It was the 'quickest thing' of the sort I ever saw. Amato had won before they had reached the roads, as was clearly seen by Chapple's posture. Ion had made the rest safe before they got to the distance, and was at least five lengths before the Grey at the finish. Putting aside the winner and Ion, the race was beautifully contested—seven being quite close together, viz; Grey Momus, Albemarle, Tom, Dormouse, Conservator, Drum-Major, and Chemist.

Amongst the one hundred and thirty odd nominations, the prize could not have been gained by a more popular or straight-forward gentleman than Sir Gilbert Heathcote; and the many hearty congratulations offered to



him, and the shouts of joy that burst from the immense multitude upon his being declared the winner, must have been truly gratifying to the worthy baronet's feelings.

UNCLE TOBY.

London, June 11, 1838.

[Ib.]

### OPINIONS OF BARRYMORE.

Amusing an idle hour in looking over the back numbers of the Turf Register, I have read several of those pieces that attacked sometimes in bad taste and invariably almost in bad humour, the speculations of your correspondent, Barrymore or D. Now there is in every man some pride of opinion, and as the time has arrived when the public can determine on some which many years since he advanced on horse subjects, he may be permitted to notice those which were most violently assailed, but which nevertheless have been confirmed.

'The racehorse region' was denounced as a theory, which had nothing to sustain it but the local prejudices of the writer, his array of facts were set aside on the plea that there were more thoroughbreds there than elsewhere, and their trainers managed better. It is now five years since that opinion was expressed, the wealth of that part of Virginia and North Carolina has been declining every year, and along the Roanoke there is less patronage for thoroughbred stallions now than at any time in the last forty years; and the jockey clubs in that country have, many of them, gone down—but our horses are still victors on every field from Orleans to New York. From James river to Roanoke have been bred Boston, Duane, Charles Carter, Fanny Wyatt, Picton, John Linton, Wagener,—these horses have won all the best purses, or nearly so, from Orleans to New York during the last fall, spring, and winter. No one acquainted with the country will for one moment believe that there is any thing like the same number of fine mares in that district as are at this time scattered along our whole eastern border—yet along that whole distance the same number of real good ones cannot be found.

The same parallel in the West maintains a similar ascendancy—there, it is true, they breed most extensively, and my word for it they will maintain it, if the whole fertile valley of the Mississippi shall enter the contest. It was thought that B. or D. passed a hasty judgment on Crusader—has not the whole racing public come to the same opinion—one of your best informed correspondents sometime since in announcing his death in Arkansas (I believe) seems to look on it as a fortunate event.

Barrymore also said that Archy mares would do well covered by our recent importations and some of them would owe much of their reputation to mares descended from old Sir Archy—is that not true!

And lastly, he said that Leviathan would never fail to get a race nag from good Pacolet or Wonder mares—some begin to believe in this.

So much for the past—now the future—it shall be said in five years that Chateau Margaux, Lap Dog, and Lurcher, get game horses—I go on the blood—they were bred by Lord Egremont, whose stock were all honest.

BARRYMORE.

## DISTEMPER IN DOGS.

A friend in whom we have confidence, informs us, that a new practice in the distemper among sporting dogs has been adopted in Georgia, with complete success. It is the insertion of a seton in the back of the neck close to the head. It is performed in the following manner: Prepare a thong of buckskin six or eight inches long, of small size, grease it with lard and rub powdered Spanish flies on it; then heat a small pointed iron rod red hot, (an old spindle of a cotton-wheel is an excellent rod,) take up the skin of the neck between the thumb and finger of the left hand, pass the hot rod through it about half or five-eighths of an inch below the edge of the skin as held between the thumb and finger; then pass the end of the thong through the hole thus made, and tie the two ends together so as to form a loose ring, and keep it from being drawn out. This thong should be occasionally moved to keep the issue running. It will begin to discharge pus in ten or fifteen hours. An occasional dose of castile soap must be given as a purgative. If the above practice be adopted at the commencement of the disease, it rarely fails of a cure.

**THE MANGE.**—Another gentleman informs us that he cures the mange in his dogs by administering a tea-spoonful of arsenic (white oxide) and repeating it on the second day afterwards. It is a curious fact, he says, that a small portion of arsenic will kill the dog, but a tea-spoonful may be given without injury, and in mange, with a certainty of a cure.

## GAME LAWS.

The editor of the Turf Register requests his friends in the different states where there are game laws, to furnish him with them for publication in the Turf Register. A brief abstract of their provisions will be sufficient. It cannot have escaped the notice of observing men, that all kinds of game are rapidly disappearing from the Atlantic states; and that unless the game laws, where there are such, be enforced, we shall soon have none. In those states where there are no game laws, it is respectfully suggested, that means be promptly taken to lay the subject before the legislatures at their ensuing sessions. All that is necessary to the preservation of game, is to pass laws and enforce them rigidly, for the prevention of taking game of all kinds during their respective breeding seasons, and until the young are full grown; and this will be no hardship to the people, for during those times no kind of game is fit for use. It is however, at these particular seasons that more game is destroyed than during the whole of the legitimate game season; for it is then the birds, &c. are most easily taken, and the taking of a single bird then, causes the destruction of whole broods of young. The Boston Atlas furnishes the following condensed view of the

## GAME LAWS OF MASSACHUSETTS.

‘Between March and the 1st of September, no partridge or quail, and between March and July 4th, no woodcock, snipe, lark, or robin shall be killed, taken, sold, or bought under forfeiture of two dollars for every partridge or quail, and one dollar for every snipe, robin, woodcock, or lark,

Ten dollars for every grouse or heath-hen, between the 1st of January and 1st of November. (These birds are only found in Martha's Vineyard.)

'*Salt Marshes* —No person shall take, kill, or destroy any birds on any salt marshes between 1st of March and 1st of September; and if any person within the limits of any town, to which the provisions of this section shall extend, shall shoot, take, kill, or sell any of the birds therein mentioned within such time, he shall forfeit the sum of two dollars for every offence.

'Killing or taking plover, curlew, dough-bird, or chicken-bird in the night, forfeits one dollar for each bird. The same forfeiture for destroying birds except in the usual mode of fowling.

'Deer not to be killed from the 1st of January to 1st of August on \$20 forfeiture.'

### THE RACEHORSE REGION.

SIR:—I fear, Mr. Editor, the sceptre must shortly pass from the racehorse region on the east of the mountains, not because the climate, the soil, or the feed has lost its influence, but because gentlemen will cease to breed when they no longer enjoy the pleasures of the race course, and when too late to remedy an evil of their own creating, many gentlemen who have not only a deep interest in these matters, but a strong sectional pride, also, will feel the most bitter regret at the consequences of thier own conduct.

Experience has shown that where jockey clubs are established and properly conducted, they soon beget a taste for the enjoyment of the turf, and with it a passion for fine horses; at first, of necessity they buy their horses, then some commence breeding, when fashion and the success of one individual is sufficient to induce hundreds to embark in the same speculation, as every man easily persuades himself his colts must be worth as much as his neighbour's; but let this jockey club go down, and these same men have no chance of seeing the races; they soon lose all taste for and interest in the sport, as a consequence, they first neglect their stock, then finding it no longer profitable, sell off and quit, this state of things once brought about, it is always more difficult to induce men to recommence a business from which they have retired, either from disgust or want of profit, than to embark in one they have never tried.

These thoughts, sir, are suggested from reading the racing calendar of the register, and the list of southern names to the northern stakes, with the rich purses and heavy matches to be run for on those courses the coming fall; while the race courses in Virginia and North Carolina seem almost forgotten, their purses are few in number, small in value, and as a consequence, bestow but little value on a horse winning them.

Now, sir, this must be the case, so long as the gentlemen having the best stables take them to the north, and thereby do all they can to swell the purses and increase the sport on those tracks; but, sir, their *treason* will bring its punishment in its train, as the purses diminish, the sport itself will depreciate, and becoming a *small business*, fall into such hands

as shall give it neither respectability nor interest, and when gentlemen cease to breed, *sportsmen* will have no horses to campaign in the north, at the same time they may sell their stallions, as 'Othello's occupation will be gone.'

If a horse cannot be sold on leaving the turf, at a fair price as a stallion, the present high prices must go down, and in this way the turfite will lose his best chance of getting off a hard bargain.

Once more, I beg the gentlemen now on the turf in Virginia, to foster the tracks in the Old Dominion, or the rule will depart from Judah; they have always opposed the tariff, but for none will they pay in this racing tax to the north, which they now impose on themselves; let me suggest to them at once, to make it a direct *tax*, send *their money*, but stay at home, raise *purses* and *stakes*, and let those who breed the horses participate in the amusements of the turf, pursue this plan, and the racehorse region will defy all invaders.

To attend the southern courses does not interfere with us in Virginia and North Carolina, as their meetings come on during vacation, and offers not only a chance of winning, but sometimes a market.

I beg gentlemen in Virginia connected with the turf, to reflect on this subject and they must see its influence. Some of the most popular tracks have lost their high standing and interest, because their purses remain as formerly, while our racers have been content to raise those of Maryland, Jersey, and New York; to them they have given their money and carry their horses. Their money they may continue to carry, but in a short time they must be without horses.

Our country is too large for stables to attend from Carolina to New York, gentlemen must be content, at least some of them, to race at home, if they wish the general patronage of the turf, and to keep up the taste for breeding fine horses among their neighbours. A.

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#### 'THE HORSE DOCTOR ABROAD.'

Under this expressive head the Winchester, Va. Republican notices a new work 'by John Grimm, Farrier,' a copy of which had been laid upon its table. We had supposed that witchcraft and its adjuncts in the healing art, had given place to quackery; but it appears that they are, at least in Winchester, about resuming their ancient sway. We give a specimen or two from this new book, wondering the while how such a thing ever got into type.

**CURE TO STOP BLOOD.**—Take one piece of wood and make three little wedges of the same. Make them a little bloody from the wound, and stick them in a crack of a log on the sunrise side of a house or barn, two or three inches apart, and strike on each wedge three strokes with a hammer or stone.

**'RING-BONE.**—You will go where some horse has died, and take the bone, if you can find it, from the knee down to the fetlock. Take this bone on the first Friday after the full moon, and before sunrise rub the ring-bone well with the bone, and then rub the ring-bone cross-ways three times. Then return the bone to the same place the upside down, and put a stone on the top so that it may not be disturbed.

**'SPAVIN.**—For the spavin but little can be done. Take your horse on a meadow of good grass. When standing still, mark out with a stick exactly the size of his foot in the grass, remove the horse and dig up the same and turn the grass up side down in the same spot. This is to be done the first Friday after the full moon.'



(From Audubon's Ornithological Biography.)

## DEER HUNTING.

The different modes of destroying deer are probably too well understood and too successfully practised in the United States; for notwithstanding the almost incredible abundance of these beautiful animals in our forests and prairies, such havoc is carried on amongst them, that in a few centuries, they will probably be as scarce in America as the great bustard now is in Britain.

We have three modes of hunting deer, each varying in some slight degree in the different states and districts. The first is termed the still hunting, and is by far the most destructive. The second is called firelight hunting, and is next in its exterminating effects. The third, which may be looked upon as a mere amusement, is named driving. Although many deer are destroyed by this latter method, it is not by any means so pernicious as the others. These methods I shall describe separately.

Still hunting is followed as a kind of trade by most of our frontier men. To be practised with success, it requires great activity, an expert management of the rifle, and a thorough knowledge of the forest, together with an intimate acquaintance with the habits of the deer, not only at different seasons of the year, but also at every hour of the day, as the hunter must be aware of the situations which the game prefers, and in which it is most likely to be found at any particular time. I might here present you with a full account of the habits of the deer, were it not my intention to lay before you, at some future period, in the form of a distinct work, the observations which I have made on the various quadrupeds of our extensive territories.

Illustrations of any kind require to be presented in the best possible light. We will therefore suppose that we are now about to follow the true hunter, as the still hunter is also called, through the interior of the tangled woods, across morasses, ravines, and such places where the game may prove more or less plentiful, even should none be found there in the first instance. We will allow our hunter to have all the agility, patience, and care which his occupation requires, and will march in his rear, as if we were spies, watching all his motions.

His dress, you observe, consists of a leather hunting shirt, and a pair of trowsers of the same material. His feet are well moccasined; he wears a belt round his waist; his heavy rifle is resting on his brawny shoulder; on one side hangs his ball-pouch, surmounted by the horn of ancient buffalo, once the terror of the herd, but now containing a pound of the best gunpowder; his butcher knife is scabbarded in the same strap, and behind is a tomahawk, the handle of which has been thrust through his girdle. He walks with so rapid a step, that probably few men could follow him, unless for a short distance, in their anxiety to witness his ruthless deeds. He stops, looks at the flint of his gun, its priming, and the leather cover of the lock, then glances his eye towards the sky, to judge the course most likely to lead him to the game.

The heavens are clear, the red glare of the morning sun gleams through the lower branches of the lofty trees, the dew hangs in pearly drops at the top of every leaf. Already has the emerald hue of the foliage been converted into the more glowing tints of our autumnal months. A slight frost appears on the fence-rails of his little cornfield. As he proceeds, he looks to the dead foliage under his feet, in search of the well known traces of a buck's hoof. Now he bends toward the ground, on which something has attracted his attention. See! he alters his course, increases his speed, and will soon reach the opposite hill. Now, he moves with caution, stops at almost every tree, and peeps forward, as if already within shooting distance of the game. He advances again, but how very slowly! He has reached the declivity, upon which the sun shines in all its growing splendour; but mark him! he takes the gun from his shoulder, has already thrown aside the leathern cover of the lock, and is wiping the edge of his flint with his tongue. Now he stands like a monumental figure, perhaps measuring the distance that lies between him and the game, which he has in view. His rifle is slowly raised, the report follows, and he runs. Let us run also. Shall I speak to him, and ask him the result of this first essay? Assuredly, reader I know him well.

'Pray, friend, what have you killed?' for to say, 'what have you shot at?' might imply the possibility of his having missed, and so might hurt his feelings? 'Nothing but a buck.' 'And where is it?' 'Oh, it has taken a jump or so, but I settled it, and will soon be with it. My ball struck, and must have gone through his heart.' We arrive at the spot, where the animal had laid itself down among the grass in a thicket of grapevines, sumachs, and spruce-bushes, where it intended to repose during the middle of the day. The place is covered with blood, the hoofs of the deer have left deep prints in the ground, as it bounced in the agonies produced by its wound; but the blood that has gushed from its side discloses the course which it has taken. We soon reach the spot. There lies the buck, its tongue out, its eye dim, its breath exhausted: it is dead. The hunter draws his knife, cuts the buck's throat almost asunder, and prepares to skin it. For this purpose he hangs it upon a branch of a tree. When the skin is removed, he cuts off the hams, and abandoning the rest of the carcass to the wolves and vultures, reloads his gun, flings the venison, enclosed by the skin, upon his back, secures it with a strap, and walks off in search of more game, well knowing, that in the immediate neighbourhood, another at least is to be found.

Had the weather been warmer, the hunter would have sought for the buck along the *shadowy* side of the hills. Had it been spring season, he would have led us through some thick cane-break, to the margin of some remote lake, where you would have seen the deer immersed to his head in the water, to save his body from the tormenting attacks of mosquitoes. Had winter overspread the earth with a covering of snow, he would have searched the low damp woods, where the mosses and lichens, on which at that period the deer feeds, abound, the trees being generally crusted with them for several feet from the ground. At one time, he might have marked the places where the deer clears the velvet from his horns by rubbing them against the low stems of bushes, and where he frequently

*scrapes* the earth with his fore hoofs ; at another, he would have betaken himself to places where persimmons and crab-apples abound, as beneath these trees the deer frequently stops to munch their fruits. During early spring, our hunter would imitate the bleating of the doe, and thus frequently obtain both her and the fawn ; or, like some tribes of Indians, he would prepare a deer's head, placed on a stick, and creeping with it amongst the tall grass of the prairies, would decoy the deer within reach of his rifle. But we have seen enough of the *still hunter*. Let it suffice for me to add, that by the mode pursued by him, thousands of deer are annually killed, many individuals shooting these animals merely for the skin, not caring for even the most valuable portions of the flesh, unless hunger, or a near market, induces them to carry off the hams.

The mode of destroying deer by *fire-light*, or, as it is named in some parts of the country, *forest-light*, never fails to produce a very singular feeling in him who witnesses it for the first time. There is something in it which at times appears awfully grand. At other times, a certain degree of fear creeps over the mind, and even affects the physical powers, of him who follows the hunter through the thick undergrowth of our woods, having to leap his horse over hundreds of huge fallen trunks, at one time impeded by a straggling grapevine crossing his path, at another squeezed between two stubborn sapplings, whilst their twigs come smack in his face, as his companion had forced his way through them. Again, he every now and then runs the risk of breaking his neck, by being suddenly pitched headlong on the ground, as his horse sinks into a hole covered over with moss. But I must proceed in a more regular manner, and leave my reader to judge whether such a mode of hunting would suit his taste or not.

The hunter has returned to his camp or his house, has rested and eaten of his game. He waits impatiently for the return of night. He has procured a quantity of pine knots filled with resinous matter, and has an old frying-pan, that, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been used by his great grandmother, in which the pine knots are to be placed when lighted. The horses stand saddled at the door. The hunter comes forth, his rifle slung on his shoulder, and springs upon one of them, while his son, or a servant, mounts the other, with the frying-pan and the pine knots. Thus accoutred, they proceed towards the interior of the forest. When they have arrived at the spot where the hunt is to begin, they strike fire with a flint and steel, and kindle the resinous wood. The person who carries the fire moves in the direction judged to be the best. The blaze illuminates the near objects, but the distant parts seem involved in deepest obscurity. The hunter who bears the gun keeps immediately in front, and after a while discovers before him two feeble lights, which are procured by the reflection of the pine fire from the eyes of an animal of the deer or wolf kind. The animal stands quite still. To one unacquainted with this strange mode of hunting, the glare from its eyes might bring to his imagination some lost hobgoblin that had strayed from its usual haunts. The hunter, however, nowise intimidated, approaches the object, sometimes so near as to discern its form, when raising the rifle to his shoulder, he fires and kills it on the spot. He then dismounts, secures



the skin and such portions of the flesh as he may want, in the manner already described, and continues his search through the greater part of the night, sometimes until the dawn of day, shooting from five to ten deer, should these animals be plentiful. This kind of hunting proves fatal, not to the deer alone, but also sometimes to wolves, and now and then to a horse or cow, which may have straggled far into the woods.

Now, reader, prepare to mount a generous, full-blood Virginian hunter. See that your gun is in complete order, for, hark to the sound of the bugle and horn, and the mingled clamour of a pack of harriers! Your friends are waiting you, under the shade of the wood, and we must together go *driving* the light-footed deer. The distance over which one has to travel is seldom felt, when pleasure is anticipated as the result: so, galloping we go pell-mell through the woods, to some well known place, where many a fine buck has drooped its antlers under the ball of the hunter's rifle. The servants, who are called the *drivers*, have already begun their search. Their voices are heard exciting the hounds, and unless we put spurs to our steeds, we may be too late at our stand, and thus lose the first opportunity of shooting the fleeting game as it passes by. Hark again! the dogs are in chase, the horn sounds louder and more clearly. Hurry, hurry on, or we shall be sadly behind!

Here we are at last! Dismount, fasten your horse to this tree, place yourself by the side of that large yellow poplar, and mind that you do not shoot me! The deer is fast approaching; I will to my own stand, and he who shoots him dead wins the prize.

The deer is heard coming. It has inadvertently cracked a dead stick with its hoof, and the dogs are now so near it that it will pass in a moment. There it comes! How beautifully it bounds over the ground! What a splendid head of horns! How easy its attitudes, depending, as it seems to do, on its own swiftness for safety! All is in vain, however: a gun is fired, the animal plunges and doubles with incomparable speed. There he goes! He passes another stand, from which a second shot, better directed than the first, brings him to the ground. The dogs, the servants, the sportsmen are now rushing forward to the spot. The hunter who has shot it is congratulated on his skill or good luck, and the chase begins again in some other part of the woods.

A few lines of explanation may be required to convey a clear idea of this mode of hunting. Deer are fond of following and retracing the paths which they have formerly pursued, and continue to do so even after they have been shot at more than once. These tracks are discovered by persons on horse-back in the woods, or a deer is observed crossing a road, a field, or a small stream. When this has been noticed twice, the deer may be shot from the places called *stands* by the sportsman, who is stationed there, and waits for it, a line of stands being generally formed so as to cross the path which the game will follow. The person who ascertains the usual pass of the game, or discovers the parts where the animal feeds or lies down during the day, gives intimations to his friends, who then prepare for the chase. The servants start the deer with the hounds, and by good management, generally succeed in making it run the course that will soonest bring it to its death. But, should the deer be



cautious, and take another course, the hunters, mounted on swift horses, gallop through the woods to intercept it, guided by the sound of the horns and the cry of the dogs, and frequently succeed in shooting it. This sport is extremely agreeable, and proves successful on almost every occasion.

Hoping that this account will be sufficient to induce you, kind reader, to go *driving* in our western and southern woods, I now conclude my chapter on deer hunting by informing you, that the species referred to above is the Virginian deer, *Cervus virginianus*; and that, until I be able to present you with a full account of its habits and history, you may consult for information respecting it the excellent *Fauna Americana* of my esteemed friend Dr. HARLAN, of Philadelphia.

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### BOTS IN HORSES.

DEAR SIR:

Belleville, Ill. August 14th, 1838.

Upon the 15th of June, one of my carriage horses was attacked with the grub or bots. For the first two hours the symptoms were such as induced many to suppose it was a fit of cholera. I administered three table-spoonfulls of spirits of turpentine, in half an hour gave him a half pint of French brandy, with half an ounce of laudanum, this gave relief and he recovered. On the tenth day afterwards, I found him after a short ride attacked again in the same way. I administered a pint of French brandy and an ounce of laudanum, this dose was renewed in half an hour, without effect. I then gave a pint of molasses with a quart of milk, and in half an hour one pound of salts. He died in about eight hours.

On opening him after he died I found a quantity of the bots had fastened themselves in the inner coats of the stomach, and all together, with a few bots in his stomach with the food. My first object was, to ascertain what would induce the bot to loose its hold, I cut from the stomach a piece about twelve inches square, in which were the bots attached, closing the edges of the piece of the stomach together so as to exclude air. I put into the sack thus made, sweet milk and molasses, and tied them up for two hours, and on opening I found them fast to the stomach, I then tried oil, and other experiments, none of which had the effect to induce them to let go.

My next object was, to see what would kill the bots, having heard many things recommended. I made the following experiments:

I immersed six grubs or bots in linseed oil, a like number in indigo pulverized and mixed with water; also, powder and vinegar, strong decoction lye, strong decoction of alum, also alcohol, and nitric acid; after keeping them thus immersed for hours, I changed them from one to the other mixture or solution; where they remained from early in the day till evening, at which time they exhibited all the healthy appearance they did in the morning.

My observations resulted in the confirmation of an opinion I had previously formed, that the bot could not be killed, except by the administering of medicine that would destroy the life of the horse. It satisfied me of the fact, that when the bots fairly get hold, they are not induced to let go.

My opinion of the bots is as follows, that they are produced by the knit deposited on the animal by the fly known as the knit-fly, and are taken into the stomach of the horse. That the bot is there formed from the egg; that in the general way the bot is discharged from the stomach through the bowels. But where they do not pass off in this way, the attack is made to extricate themselves from their confinement by an attempt to eat through the stomach.

It occurs to my mind as most probable, that the bot passes through several changes from the form in which we have just described it. That before this change they make a desperate effort to free themselves, concentrating their attack to one spot, this soon deprives the horse of life, and the bot is extricated in a short time, and either goes into the ground, or by the action of the atmosphere changes its mode of existence.

I am satisfied, that upon the first discovery of the first attack, the bot may be induced to let go, or postpone the effort to free itself from the stomach; this is best effected, in my opinion, by molasses and milk, which should be followed with one or two active cathartics, by which means the bots are carried off. Should these views and experiments be thought worthy of publication in your valuable work, they are submitted.

Respectfully,

J. MITCHELL.

[REMARKS ON THE ABOVE.—How doctors differ! As a comment on the above communication, we copy from the 'History of the Horse,' published by the society for the diffusion of useful knowledge in England, the following description of the bot. We do not adopt the opinions of either side of the question—whether the bot ever kills the horse, or is beneficial to it, but we do think Mr. Mitchell mistaken in his theory of the 'desperate efforts they make to free themselves;' and that the writer of the following article is correct in that respect.—EDITOR T. R.]

**BOTS.**—In the spring and early part of the summer, horses are much troubled by a grub or caterpillar, which crawls out of the anus, fastens itself under the tail, and seems to cause a great deal of itching or uneasiness. Grooms are sometimes alarmed at the appearance of these insects. Their history is curious, and will dispel every fear with regard to them. We are indebted to Mr. Bracy Clark for almost all we know of the bot.

A species of gad-fly, the *œstrus equi*, is in the latter part of the summer exceedingly busy about the horse. They are observed to be darting with great rapidity towards the knees and sides of the animal. The females are depositing their eggs on the hair, and which adhere to it by means of a glutinous fluid with which they are surrounded. In a few days the eggs are ready to be hatched, and the slightest application of warmth and moisture will liberate the little animals which they contain. The horse in licking himself touches the egg, it bursts, and a small worm escapes, which adheres to the tongue, and is conveyed with the food into the stomach; there it clings by means of a hook on either side of its mouth, to the circular portion of the stomach; and its hold is so firm and so obstinate, that it will be broken before it will be detached. It remains feeding there on the mucus of the stomach during the whole of the winter, and to the end of the ensuing spring; when, having attained a considerable size, and being destined to undergo a certain transformation, it disengages itself from the cuticular coat, is carried into the villous portion of the stomach with the food, passes out of it with the chyme, and is at length evacuated with the dung.

The larva or maggot being thus thrown out seeks shelter in the ground, contracts in size, and becomes a chrysalis or grub; in which state it lies inactive for a few weeks, and then, bursting from its confinement assumes the form of a fly. The female becoming impregnated, quickly deposits her eggs on those parts of the horse which he is most likely to lick, and so the species is perpetuated.

There are several plain conclusions from this history. The bots cannot, while they inhabit the stomach of the horse, give the animal any pain, for they are fastened on the cuticular and insensible coat. They cannot stimulate the stomach and increase its digestive power, for they are not on the digestive portion of the stomach. They cannot by their roughness, assist the trituration or rubbing down of the food, for no such office is performed in that part of the stomach—the food is softened, not rubbed down. They cannot be injurious to the horse, for he enjoys the most perfect health when the cuticular part of the stomach is filled with them, and their presence is not even suspected until they appear at the anus. They cannot be removed by medicine, because they are not in that part of the stomach to which medicine is usually conveyed; and if they were, their mouths are too deeply buried in the mucus for any medicine, that can safely be administered, to affect them; and last of all, in due course of time they detach themselves and come away. Therefore, the wise man will leave them to themselves or content himself with picking them off when they collect under the tail and annoy the animal.

## RACING CALENDAR.

[There being a dearth of racing matter at this season, we give place to the following long, but well written, report of the races at St. Francisville, though the naked facts of the races have heretofore appeared in the Racing Calendar.]

### ST. FRANCISVILLE (La.) RACES.

The spring meeting for the year 1838, over this course, commenced on Wednesday, the 2d of May.

On the day preceding that of the races a meeting of the club was holden for the election of officers to serve the ensuing year, when, Gen. Isaac Johnson was elected president, Major Albert G. Howell, vice-president, Jacob Fisher, treasurer, and A. Haralson, secretary of the club.

The weights established by the constitution of the club are 70lbs. for two year olds, 86lbs. for three year olds, 100lbs. for four year olds, 110lbs. for five year olds, 118lbs. for six year olds, and 124lbs. for aged horses with the usual deduction of 3lbs. in favour of mares and geldings.

A long and continued drought immediately preceding the time fixed for the races had excited fearful apprehensions in many, that they would be ushered in by a spell of inclement weather, while in the meantime a congress of turfites from almost every part of the Union, we were given to understand, were going it on a high figure and in brilliant style at the courses in New Orleans. The sport in the city was represented by those who were present to have been not only good but attractive; but the zest and relish for the amusement was lost to many before the termination of the scene. An excitement of three weeks upon a race course ought to carry with it to a turfman the same sort of satiety that a carnival does to a catholic;—unless I am much mistaken I saw upon the countenances of many of my acquaintances on the return, every evidence of a subdued tone of feeling. From New Orleans the majority of owners, trainers, and grooms of horses adjourned to this place, and for a week preceding the day of the races every stable connected with the establishment (for the first time) was in requisition.

On the Saturday preceding the Wednesday of the Jockey Club races, a sweepstakes of a single dash of a mile was run by

Col. Robert Smith's ch. f. Lavinia, three years old, by Leviathan, dam Parasol by Napoleon.

Dr. Ira Smith's b. c. Cascade, three years old, by Bertrand.

A. Haralson's ch. f. Delphine, three years old, by Dunganon, dam by Tiger, full sister to Scarlet.

The track was deep and dusty from continued harrowing, and the day warm and close. The heat was won by Delphine with something to spare in 1m. 55s. In this race Delphine and Cascade carried the weight of four year olds, and Lavinia, that of a three.

On the succeeding Monday a match race for \$1,000 a side, mile heats, came off between

C. C. S. Farrar's gr. c. Uncas, four year old, by Sir Richard, and

Capt. Robert Barrow's c. c. Tom Jones, three years old, by Bob Oakley.

This match having been sometime on tapis, had opened a field for speculation and hazard. Each horse had his backers, and the display of rhino which the contest produced proved that the exhausted exchequers of some of the city visitors had been replenished for the occasion;—bets were freely offered and as freely taken, but no odds given. At the appointed time the horses were brought to the stand and turned loose by the consent of the trainers—and as it was understood by every one at the command of the judges. The contest was spirited and doubtful for the first half mile, when Uncas began gradually to widen the gap; he won the heat in 1m. 58s. Tom Jones coming out some three lengths behind. There was an officer placed in the flag-stand for the purpose of arresting horses in case of false or improper starts, but in this instance no signal was given by the chief judges to have the horses recalled, and the truth is and was that the chestnut horse contested every inch of ground for the heat; after the heat was run it was



observed by some one or two that it should not count as a heat, because the word *Go!* was not pronounced by the judges; but the objection was not insisted on at the time nor then made a point for the decision of the judges. At the expiration of the time allowed between heats, the horses were again called up and went away at the tap of the drum, the contest being severe as before to half-way of the back-stretch when the grey again lead off without much of a struggle and came in some thirty feet ahead. The race being over and the scene closed as nine-tenths of the crowd supposed, the bettors were proceeding to call on the stake-holders for their money, when the quiet monotony of the moment was relieved by a clamour against the fairness of the race. For a while the crowd treated the opposition with contempt and ridicule. Many who had witnessed the race and had bet upon the chestnut horse paid over their money without hesitation; but the matter was so strenuously urged upon the judges, particularly by the trainer of Tom Jones that they were compelled to decide the point *nolens volens*. They did decide that the grey horse had won the money, whereupon they were told by the said trainer, who besides being interested in the stakes had bet considerable sums of money through the agency of another, of which he had contrived to become the stake-holder, that he should hold them answerable for the correctness of that opinion. In the meantime the stakes had been paid over to Mr. Farrar, the owner of the grey horse, and he had left the ground. The threat of holding the judges accountable for the money made by the trainer, caused them to entertain a motion for a re-hearing—which motion, backed and supported by arguments better understood by the judges than any one else, finally prevailed—and accordingly Mr. Farrar and his horse were sent for, the one, to surrender up the stakes, and the other, to run another heat.

Mr. Farrar was bland and dulcet and complying enough to do as he was ordered, he brought back the money and the horse; he put up the money again in stakes, the two horses were again started, the grey horse beat the chestnut some forty or fifty yards, and the crowd determined that the grey horse had won it by acclamation and without reference to the decision of the judges.

In this affair I confine myself simply to a statement of facts. From a sense of duty to the public I feel myself constrained to give publicity to a transaction on a race course, purporting to be governed by such rules and regulations as we have on the St. Francisville turf, under a hope that a repetition of such scenes may never again render it necessary. I only forbear mentioning names for reasons which can be better understood than explained.

On the next day (Tuesday,) a sweepstakes of \$1,000 entrance was to be run between Major Wm. R. Barrow's Eclipse filly, three years old, and Mr. Fergus Duplantier's bay filly, by Whalebone, out of Polly Powell. The Eclipse filly paid forfeit.

*First day, May 2, 1838; purse \$600; three mile heats.*

Fergus Duplantier's (Jefferson Wells') ch. m. Linnet, six years old, by							
Leviathan, dam by Marshal Ney, 115lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	1 1
Dr. Ira Smith's b. h. Arbaces, five year old, by Bertrand, dam by							
Rosicrucian, 110lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	2 2
Thomas H. Boyle's b. c. Tom Paine, four years old, by Clinton, dam							
by Sir Archy, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	-	-	3 dr.

The day was clear and cool, the track in passable order, and the throng of spectators numerous, all upon the *qui vive* for the enjoyment of the sport which the occasion presented. The fame of Linnet balked the schemes and views of the knowing ones, she was known to be in fine plight and condition, had borne off the prize in New Orleans from several good horses almost without an effort, and her chance for victory was deemed certain. Upon no occasion has she shewn to better advantage in appearance, form or condition to my eyes than on this; she was just ripe enough for quick work and hard enough to sustain it against any but a first rate courser.

Arbaces having called on his way up at Plaquemine and on the three mile day having opened the eyes of the vulgar to a scene that they were not accustomed to behold on that course, was considered no unworthy competitor of Linnet: but at Plaquemine he ran as a four year old, and now he was under the necessity of taking up the weight of a five year old—this circumstance, if his size had been better, would not so much have affected his chances of success, but compared with the fine, lengthy form of Linnet, the conclusion against his ability to carry the



increased weight against such an animal was necessary and involuntary. It was also said by some that he was too low in condition for a bruising race, and that in consequence of it he could not take the proper degree of exercise after his race at Plaquemine. Tom Paine was an untried colt for that distance. At three years old he had shown considerable speed and fleetness in a race of mile heats in Kentucky, and being recently brought to this country he was put into training, soon after his arrival without being seasoned, and was run in bad order—he is a colt of fine size and form, but his relaxed and green condition forbade any expectation of success, yet, for the first two miles he was well up with Linnet and Arbaces who were going at a slapping pace, when the jockey finding him sinking reined him up as he was instructed to do. The contest between Linnet and Arbaces was never doubtful, yet the struggle was severe and the tug incessant; like a high pressure steamboat the little Bertrand seemed to seek relief at the post by raising his safety-valve. At the word Go! he put out like a rocket and kept at that pace, leading Linnet and Tom Paine with all apparent and imaginable ease for the first two miles and a half, when Linnet who had maintained a fair distance in the rear, which she had regularly narrowed, made her run and in an instant was clear of him. Then for the first time the comparative power, speed, and size of the two animals were fully shown; no other difference could be seen in the smooth and steady stride of Linnet after passing Arbaces than before, except that she was ahead and he behind, while as regarded his action it evidently became irregular, broken and laborious. In this position, Linnet, about thirty feet ahead reached the stand, making the first heat 5m. 52½s.

The speedy recovery of Arbaces from the effects of the heat evinced that his order was better than had been imagined, and at the expiration of the time, the game little animal was as full of contest and fire as ever, and apparently as well braced for it as when brought out for the first heat. As for Linnet she took every thing with a matronly grace, content and willing to perform the part assigned her without ostentation or parade.

At the word they went away at a brisk pace, Arbaces leading for the first mile and until near the stand in the second: Linnet all the while pressing closely on his haunches, when she raised the signal and gave him the go-by. Arbaces stoutly contended for the heat during the whole of the last mile, but it was not in him to measure ground with such an animal as the mare. The second heat was made in 5m. 52s. Arbaces close up. With 100lbs. instead of 110lbs. upon his back, the effort which he made probably might have told a very different tale, as it was he lost nothing in the way of reputation in a contest with such an unrivalled competitor as Linnet, for unrivalled she is, whether you go north, south, east, or west, for the racehorse that contends with her.

*Second day, purse \$1,000, four mile heats.*

Dr. Ira Smith's (J. G. Boswell's) ch. c. Josh Bell, four years old, by Frank, dam by Little John, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	1
William R. Barrows' b. c. Pressure, four years old, by Trumpeter, dam Eliza Jenkins, by Sir William, 100lbs.	-	-	-	-	2
Fergus Duplantier's b. f. Louisianaise, four years old, by Whalebone, dam Polly Powell, by Virginian, 96lbs.	-	-	-	-	dis.

It was understood previously that the running on the four mile day would resolve itself into a contest between Josh Bell and Pressure. The character and performance of each warranted sanguine hopes and high expectations among those who had witnessed their respective efforts; each animal, therefore, had strong backers and staunch supporters, in fact, the struggle between these two animals had created an all-absorbing interest with those who frequented the turf. Such eager expectations and solicitude did the struggle between these two animals create, that the sport on no other day seemed to promise any charm or attraction. Each horse was a Kentucky crack, and it had so happened that Mr. Tisdale, the present trainer of Josh Bell, had trained them both in the same stable in Kentucky not more than eight months before; yet he averred and protested, and I have no doubt, truly, that he knew nothing of the relative speed and bottom of the two animals, never having once given them a trial-run together while he had them in training. He seemed to think, and expressed it as his opinion that the chances of victory would depend on the worse or better condition comparatively of either animal. This doubt and uncertainty of opinion coming from the source it did, cast all the fascinations of romance on the scene and added much to the 'glorious uncertainty' of the pending contest.

Within a few minutes after twelve the horses and jockeys made their appearance at the stand. When uncovered it was evident to the most unpractised eye in such matters, that there was the greatest difference in the order of the two animals; Josh Bell, if not in complete trim and very superior plight, was firm, lively, and apparently braced for the contest; while Pressure was entirely amiss, showing the relaxation of his system in the countenance by his action and *other certain evidences* never to be mistaken by a turfman. Until the horses were uncovered the bets were two to one in favour of Pressure, against the field, but so decided was the impression made on the crowd after he was stripped, that the bets were suddenly changed in favour of Josh Bell against the field. At the tap of the drum they got off well together, Josh Bell having the track, Pressure in the centre, and Duplantier's filly on the outside; as often as I had seen Josh Bell, and as much as I had heard of his running, I had never witnessed his action before; it was so elastic and superior that I was satisfied in his run of his first hundred yards what would be the issue of the contest. Josh Bell is a horse 15½ hands high, of good muscle, fine bony head, capacious throttle, rising finely on the withers, presenting in their slope towards the point of the shoulders the angle of racing power, with great length of body. To this racing form and qualities, however, he makes but a slender display of muscle: he is remarkably cat-hamed, and the size and length of his back in its lever form, may give him that wonderful stride for which he is so remarkable; his stride is never less than twenty-four feet, and at every jump he seems to bring his feet into the circumference of a water-bucket. If he be, as many suppose, a dead game horse, his equal cannot be found in the Southern country; but on the other hand, if only indebted to his heels for his victories he will remain a successful courser until the weights of the turf shall tell against his efforts.

Pressure is a beautiful blood bay, not quite fifteen hands high, put up in the poney order, short and compact, with indications of superior power and activity. He is what may very properly be termed a big little horse, with bone not sufficiently marked as to size, but a striking and powerful development of muscle. Nine men in ten, experienced on the turf, would by looking at him take him for a quarter-horse; he wants length and proportion in all those parts which characterize and distinguish the distance courser from horses of mere speed and fleetness. There seems to be but little doubt, that he is a superior racehorse, when in order and condition, but is evidently an anomaly in the class in which he may be ranked, and as an anomaly I might say he is to be regarded, more as a specimen of curiosity than utility.

Josh Bell put off handsomely from the stand, with Pressure following close upon his heels, which position they maintained for the first two miles, each horse a distance ahead of Duplantier's filly; as they passed the stand in the second mile the jockey of Josh Bell swinging to him, and Pressure going apparently at his ease, the latter made his run. The sudden approach of Pressure imparted such a momentum to the action of Josh Bell, that he seemed to throw the crowd in a trance as he widened the gap between him and Pressure; his action now was of a very different kind from any thing we had previously witnessed, so much so, that in going six hundred yards he was at least eighty yards ahead of Pressure. Pressure in making this run had failed and given up the contest, and Josh at an easy pace kept the distance between them, until the heat was run. The owner of Pressure declined starting him the second heat, and both horses were led off to their respective stables after the first.

Time, 8m. 38s.

*Third day, two mile heats; purse \$400; entrance \$50.*

Mr. Fergus Duplantier's gr. c. Roderick Dhu, four years old, by Merlin,	1	1
Robert S. Wooding's ch. c. Livingston, four years old, by Crusader,		
dam Patty Puff, by Pacolet,	-	4 2
A. Haralson's (Col. Robt. Smith's) gr. h. Dan O'Connel, six years old,		
by Henry Tonson, dam by imp. Sir Harry,	-	2 dis.
Doct. Ira Smith's (Smith and Chinn's) b. h. Arbaces, five years old		
by Bertrand, dam by Rosicrucian,	-	3 dis.
Mr. Richard Haile's b. c. Dick Haile, four years old, by Sir Charles,		
dam by Monsieur Tonson,	-	5 dr.

The day offered every incentive to fine sport. Nothing could be more bracing to the system or exhilarating to the spirits than the clear and serene atmosphere, fanning you every now and then with its fragrant and balmy breezes. The crowd

was joyous and content, and such a fine field of horses opened up a scene of amusement to all.

All the horses with the exception of Dick Haile, who was known to be remarkably fleet, had already acquired reputation on the turf. Roderick Dhu by his race at Plaquemine a few days before, had established a character of fearful import even to the owners of crack nags.

Livingston was also known to be a horse of great speed, and with bottom enough to carry him through two mile heats. The veteran Dan O'Connel was understood to be in fine plight, and two mile heats was his favourite distance. Arbaces, it was thought, if not used up by his struggle on the three mile day, might prove a troublesome customer if the heats were broken; and Dick Haile, it was supposed by some, might open the eyes of the vulgar.

At the appointed hour and signal they got off pretty well together; Roderick Dhu taking the track within the first hundred yards, and drawing out the crowd into a string as he swung round the first turn and went up the back stretch: The track was firm and elastic, and the pace excellent; enough indeed to keep all at hard work. For the mile and half Dick Haile undertook to keep company with the Highland chieftain, and to do him honour, when the Irish agitator took it into his head to make a motion upon the subject matter of their harangue and pushed himself forward to join the colloquy that was going on; whereupon the chieftain mended his gait, and Dick Haile falling in the rear, the Agitator took his position, which tete-a-tete he maintained to the end of the second mile, Roderick Dhu drawing out a few feet in advance of him. The rest closing up a string of at least one hundred yards in the rear at regular intervals. The heat was made in 3m. 53½s.

When the time was announced to make ready for the second heat, four horses appeared for the contest, Roderick Dhu, Dan O'Connel, Livingston, and Arbaces; all seemed to burn for the struggle so far as looks and appearances went; none seemed worse for the heat already run. Dan O'Connel by the manner in which he cooled off and his high bearing as he was brought to the post, inspired strong faith in the effort he was about to make; Livingston, it was pretty well understood had not run a foot the first heat and there was some dark speculation afloat, as to what might be expected from him. Arbaces seemed pretty well used up; while no body could tell what was in or out of Roderick Dhu, though it was known by several that he was four seconds under his time at Plaquemine in making the first heat, the same distance. At the word Go! they went off in gallant style, but in going two hundred and fifty yards the chieftain began gradually to clear himself of the crowd, with the exception of Livingston who pressed on his heels at a rattling pace; a struggle ensued between the two which continued unabated for a mile and a half without any perceivable difference in the relative speed of either, Roderick maintaining all the while his advantage of the inside track, and half a length in advance of Livingston; on the last turn of the back stretch his untiring pace began to tell, and he commenced widening the distance between him and his competitor. At this point Dan O'Connel and Arbaces were considerably in the rear; it was a battle of Phillippi to the Irish agitator, he had let down in one of his fore legs in the first mile of the second heat; the tendons were so much disengaged from the bone as suddenly to arrest him in his career, and at a moment in the race when his chances for success were very fair. Roderick Dhu continued to maintain his stride and to increase his distance from the others, until he reached the stand—making the second heat in 3m. 53s.

*Fourth day, Jockey Club purse; mile heats; best three in five; purse \$775.*

Fergus Duplantier's (W. J. Minor's) b. f. Britannia, imp. four			
years old, by Muley, dam by Dick Andrews,	-	-	1 1 1
A. Barrow's b. m. Lilac, six years old, by Leviathan, dam by			
Sir Archy,	-	-	2 3 2
A. Haralson's (Col. Robert Smith's) ch. f. Lavinia, three years			
old, by Leviathan, dam Parasol, by Napoleon	-	-	3 2 3

This purse was won cleverly at three straight heats by Britannia, in 1m. 54s. the first heat—1m. 53½s. the second heat—1m. 55s. the third heat.



## CHARLESTOWN (Va.) RACES,

Over the Jefferson Jockey Club course, commenced May 15th, 1833.

*First day*, sweepstakes, \$50 entrance, h. f.; for three year olds, single mile.

H. Shepherd's b. f. imp. by St Nicholas, dam by Tramp, - - - 1

J. Crane's b. f. by John Richards, dam by Instructor, - - - 2

G. D. Moore & Co's. b. c. by Star, dam by St. Tammany, - - - 0

S. W. De Butts' b. c. by Waverly, dam by imp. Eagle, not placed.

W. Moore, paid forfeit.

Time, 1m. 54s. The star colt came out ahead but lost the stake by his rider's dismounting.

*Second day*, sweepstakes for three year olds \$100, h. f.; mile heats.

H. Shepherd's b. c. by Columbus, dam by Catton, - - - 3 1 1

J. Wall's br. f. by Industry, dam by Shylock, - - - 2 3 2

W. Crow & Co's. br. c. by Star, dam by Walnut, - - - 1 2 3

Time, 1m. 56s.—1m. 54s.—2m.

*Third day*, Citizens' purse \$100; mile heats.

G. D. Moore's b. c. Yahoo, walked over.

*Second race, same day*, The Yahoo stakes; Yahoo throwing in \$20, with the entrance money, \$10, added.

J. Crane's Snatchit, - - - - - 1

S. W. DeButts' b. c. - - - - - 2

J. A. Cartér's ch. f. by Industry, - - - - - 3

Time, 1m. 57s.

## SOMERVILLE (Tenn.) RACES,

Commenced over the Telegraph course, on Monday, June 18th, 1833.

This is a new track, but a good one, and bids fair to become a conspicuous one.

Weights for two year olds, a feather; three year olds, 86lbs.; four year olds, 100lbs.; five year olds, 110lbs.; six year olds, 118lbs.; aged, 124lbs.; with the usual allowance of 3lbs. to mares and geldings.

*First day*, a match, \$500 a side; two mile heats.

A. J. Henry's b. f. Maria Miller, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, - - - 1 1

L. Cocke's b. c. Milo, four years old, by Bennehan's Sir Archy, - - - 2 2

Time, 3m. 50s.—3m. 53s.

*Second day*, sweepstakes for three year olds; subscription \$200; half forfeit; mile heats.

A. J. Henry's g. c. Tom Benton, three years old, by Telegraph, dam by Pacolet, - - - 1 1

L. Cocke's b. c. Slim, three years old, by Saxeweimar, - - - 2 2

Davison & Govan's b. c. by Telegraph, dam by imp. Bagdad, bolt.

Time, 1m. 54s.—1m. 55½.

*Third day*, proprietor's purse \$200; two mile heats.

L. Cocke's b. c. Milo, four years old, by Bennehan's Sir Archy, 1 2 1

B. Davison's b. c. Hannibal, three years old, by O'Kelly, dam by Sir Charles, - - - 2 1 2

Time, 4m. 17s.—4m. 10s.—4m. 17s.

*Fourth day*, citizens' purse \$250; three mile heats.

A. J. Henry's br. f. Maria Miller, four years old, by Stockholder, dam by Madison, walked over.

A. J. HENRY, Sec'ry.

A new race course and jockey club have been established at Somerville, Tenn. The course is called the Telegraph; and A. R. Govan, is president of the club, Dr. A. F. Brackin, vice-president, and A. J. Henry, secretary and treasurer,—all good men and true sportsmen. We publish in the present number, a report of the first races over this track. The purses at the ensuing fall meeting will be respectable. Our correspondent at Somerville, states that a good imported stallion would do well at Somerville, as the people are turning their attention to blood stock.